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The Loves  
OF  
AMANDUS  
AND  
CHRONIA,

Historically Narrated.

*A Piece of rare Contixture,*

Intried with many pleasing Odes  
and Sonnets, occasioned by the Jo-  
cular, or Tragicall occurrences, hap-  
ping in the progresse of the  
HISTORIE,

---

*Disposed into three Books, or Tracts*

*By Samuel Sheppard.*

---

Horace,

*Quod si meliora novisti,  
Candidus Imparti, si non, his utere mecum.*

---

LONDON,

Printed by G. D. for John Hurdstone, to be  
sold at the Black Spread-Eagle in Ducklane, 1690.



**L** Et the Reader be pleased to Censure mildly of the Printer, by whose oversight, are these *Erratas*.

*Pag. 2. for Permittias read Premitias.*

*Pag. 9. for Lunary read Luminary.*

*Pag. 25. for Uronea read Pronea.*

*Pag. 73. for desert read Dissect. for Rapide r. Rabbide.*





# CANDIDO ET CORDATO

*Amico felici Genio, perspicaci,  
Ingenio, Iohan. Mane*

*De (——) Baronetto*

*Eoque titulo, vere digno*

SAMUEL SHEPPARD, hosce extre-  
mos Amatorum Amplexus Animi per-  
mitias, Solenniꝝ officio persunctas hu-  
mill

*ime.*

---

Dedit, Dicavit, Dedicavit.

---

*Cloth-Faire, August 20.*

1650.

CANDIDO

CONATO

Amor, que me inspira

em meu coração

o amor de Deus

é o amor que me inspira

o amor de Deus

o amor de Deus

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To the Author on his Excellent  
Romantick Piece.

**T**He Priviledge that pens doe find  
'Mongst men, comes short unto the mind,  
For mentall Cabinets doe yeild  
No jot unto the Criticks shield:  
If thoughts might crown deserts, I dare  
Give to my Pen the largest share.  
But when our Vultures gin to gnaw,  
I'le cease for feare, and say tis Law;  
Its better faile of debt, then be  
Honest, in tearms, of flattery;  
I hate the thought, I'le freely give  
My Verdict, which perhaps may live  
'Gainst Calumnie. If Learning may  
With Wit, win Fame, thou hast the day.  
Crown'd be thy brows with lasting Bayes,  
Who giv'st a Form to future dayes:  
If witness may be lawfull, then  
I'le sweare 't shall fear no Vote of men;  
But to thy ever-shining Glory,  
The times to come shall hug thy Story.

J. BOURNE.

To my much honoured Friend, the Au-  
thor, on his History of *Amandus*  
and *Sophronia*.

*In a Dialogue, between Menander*  
and *Museus*.

Menan.

**M**USEUS, how dost brook to be  
Thus rival'd? Mus. Fate doth find I see  
'Tis fit, all Glory should not die  
Entail'd unto our memorie,  
Where's thy Aglaia? Men. Where is laid  
Thy much renowned Sestian Maid?  
Mus. Beneath a myrtle. Men. So is mine  
Pratling, with Queen Proserpine.  
Mine laughs. Mus. Mine weeps. Men.  
Mine joyes to find  
Another of as rich a mind.  
Mus. But Venus Priestesse is in grief,  
She now no longer shall be Chief,  
But with Leander must give way  
T' Amandus, and Sophronia.

JOHN HALL  
Collegij-Regnalis Canta.  
in Artibus Magistro.

In

In Authorem Amicissimum suum,  
Encomiasticon.

**L**adies, you that hug the Quill  
Of Renowned Astrophil  
Here, behold a second Birth,  
Tasting of Sydnean worth.  
For Pyrocles, here, you may  
Find an Amandus, every way  
His Rivall; in Clodomer view  
Basilus, and his humour too:  
This is so like in every lim  
To Sydney, that 'twas got by him  
I'de sweare, but I should injure then  
One of our noblest Shepherds Pen.  
See how the Learned shades do meet,  
And like Æriall shadowes fleet,  
More in number then were spide  
To flock 'bout the Dulichian Guide.  
The first, Muscus, then Catullus,  
Then Naso, Flaccus, and Tibullus;

*Then Petrarch, Sydney, none can move  
Shakespeare out of Adonis Grove,  
There suddenly he sits; but these  
Admire thy novell Rhapsodies.  
Dear Friend, which ever shall subsist,  
Spight of Oblivion's hiding-mist.*

**ANTHONY DAVENPORT.**

**THE**

(1)

THE LOVES OF  
AMANDVS  
AND  
SOPHRONIA.

---

*The First Book.*

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CHAP. I.

*Embassadours (from divers parts of Europe) arrive at Verona, the occasion thereof. Rhoxenor courts Sophronia. Her Reply. He resolves her Ruine.*



Nciently there Reigned a very Potent King over the Kingdom of Lombardie, named Clodomer, who, by his Queen

Queen (*Lucinda*) had one only Son, called *Rhoxenar*, a Prince of Exquisite Feature, who, as he attained yeares, became Splendidly Eminent, for his Inclination to, and his unparralleld Industry in, the Study of the Sciences; to which, (that nothing might be wanting, to make him more then a meere mortal) his Deportment commanded an expectation of Majestick Magnanimitie, and Magnanimous Majestie, to the envy of neighbouring Kings, and to the ineffable joy of his Princely Parents.

Comming unto yeares of maturitie (so that now without prejudice to Truth he might write himselfe, *Man*) he seemed, some golden Casket repleat with Diamonds: the eyes of all men were fixed on him, as ordained by Heaven, for a Super-excellent Mirrour, whose very reflection should dim the Splendor of all Former, and Future Kings: Their expectations, labouring with an ardent desire, to see their young Prince fettered, in the pleasing Bands of Matrimony, the main *Remora* (in their apprehensions) being his  
high



high Descent, and innate Worth, which seated him on so proud a Pinacle, that nothing, save a continuance in his single Capacitie, could preserve his Splendor unsullied, and his Glory un-eclipsed, they could have been content, that their Phoenix should have made himselfe his owne Mate, and his owne Heire, save that they were sensible, another *Rhoxenor* would not spring out of his ashes.

But what Mortalitie had ever yet a durable existence of it selfe? What more vertuous Prince then *Nero*, the first five yeares? The Father of us all, retained his pristine purity for some houres in the Garden. The Effigie of *Byancha*, Daughter to the King of *Hungarie*: The Resemblance of *Leonora*, Heire apparant to the King of *Poland*; and the lively Portraicture of *Dulciana*, (whose living substance was courted by the most famous Princes of *Europe*) Daughter to the Emperour of *Almaine*, brought by severall Embassadours, sent from the aforesaid Kings, all using their utmost Oratory to winne *Rhoxenors* assent, in the behalfe of  
their

their severall Masters , bringing with them (as Advocates) many rich presents, were frustrated of their hopes, by his peremptory negation , to their exceeding grief and astonishment,

Now, if you demand the reason of this strange averfeness in *Rhoxenor* , I shall tell you, that Lust , outrageous, injurious, destructive Lust, was the impediment that hindered his compliance , which had taken such sure hold on his heart , that it was impossible for the hand of Temperance to dislocate the Usurper , without pulling the panting lump from its strings; nor was *Rhoxenor* able (though he indefatigably endeavoured it) to conjure down this Fiend, that his owne indiscreet passions had raised , so that he was every way surrounded with inevitable dangers, *Scylla* on the right hand , and *Charibdis* on the left; *Ætna* on the left hand, and *Aver-nus* on the right; (with *Mædea*) he saw, and knew the horror of his Crime, and yet (thrust forward by unavoydable destiny) he could not but proceed in the perpetration thereof.

And

And that , though he knew this would occasion his owne losse of former Honour; his Royal Parents Rage and Grief; *Amandus* (once his *alter idem*, having been bred up with him from his Cradle, now upon his returne from castigating the *Girpides* , the Souldiers unanimously and cordially affecting him) his assured hate and vengeance , besides the ugliness of the Act , in wronging so noble a friend, together with the hazard of the Nobilities, Gentries, and Peoples revolt ; yet to enjoy (indeed force) *Sophronia* (already affianced to *Amandus*) he is content to lose all, and to make himselfe wretched, for the fruition of that (which if forced) is (intruth) the worst of miserie.

Long (during *Amandus* absence) hee conversed with the chaste *Sophronia* (whom the King for *Amandus* sake had appointed a residence neare his owne lodgings) rather like a Brother then a Lover. [So the Wolfe, and the Lamb , converie in amity, till maturitie divulge how differently Nature hath allotted them] Love, (if I may call it Love) by degrees (like  
sup-

supplanting Ivice) wound about his heart, till at last it mastered his Senses, overtopping and triumphing over all his Powers; so that [after many apparant signes of his inward Ardour, more then ever *Naso* prescribed in his *Art of Love*, which *Sophronia* did, but would not seeme to apprehend] he burst out into a plaine language, thus uttering his desires.

Madam,

**I** Have endeavoured (with a more then masculine resolve) to suppress those passions, and to extinguish those flames, which have a long time hover'd about my heart, but find it beyond my force, not to write, when Nature her selfe dictates. (Lady) I love you, love you above Heaven, or Honour (both which [in all probabilities] I am like to forfeit for your sake) I am not ignorant of your affiancing to *Amandus*, but (deare Mistresse) consider my Birth with his Fortunes, and my Estate with his Wealth, and you cannot (sure) relinquish the gold, and desire the brasse; this heavenly beauty was not ordained for lesse then a Throne,  
and

and it were an injury to Divinity it selfe, to have these Temples adorned, with ought save a Diadem; it is in you (excellent Mistressse) to make Rhoxenor, more than man, or to uncreate him, (which alone your deni- all can doe) and to precipitate him, from an Heaven of content and happinesse, to an Hell of distraction and misery.

You may imagine, how this unlook'd for narration, amazed poore Sophronia, (a Lady excellently vertuous) and whose heart was as immoveably fixed on Amandus, as ever the Sestian Heros on her adventurous Leander, or the unfortunate Thysbes, on her haplesse Pyramus, whose blood gave the first tincture to the Mulberry, her cheeks dyed in more perfect Purple, then Monarchs put on when they mourne, she returned him this answer:

Sir,

Your language (which I wish I had been deafe to) gives me cause to suspect, that some saucy Devill to be thought an Angel of light hath cheated Rhoxenor, of his form; for sure, Prince Rhoxenor (I mean King Clodomers Son) whom Fam e canonizeth,

for

for the store-houſe of Vertue, and the Mi-  
rour of mankind, cannot be ſuch a Traytor  
to his own fame, and his friends honour, or  
imagine Sophronia, ſo light of ſoule, as to  
prove falſe to her faith, to be the greateſt  
Princeſſe in the world.

Having thus ſaid, (the vehemency of  
her expreſſion, well denoting the per-  
plexity of her mind) ſhe ſtung from him,  
in a (ſober) rage, and the Garden doore  
being open (for *Rhoxenor* the more op-  
portunely to diſcover himſelfe, had in-  
vited her into the privy Garden, adjo-  
ning to the Pallace) ſhe forſook the Prince,  
and retired to her Chamber.

He, as much aſtoniſhed at her ſterne  
reply, as ſhe greived, for his dangerous  
ſolicitation, ſtood a while, like one Pla-  
net ſtruck; you would have taken him  
(had your eyes viſited him in that agony)  
for ſome ſhap'd Statue, carved by ſome  
cunning *Dedalus*: but at length, his loſt  
ſenſes (like trewant Servants) returning  
to their obliged exerciſes, ſmiting his  
hand on his breaſt (quoth he) I perceive,  
I may ſooner catch a falling Star, or make  
a bone

a bonfire in the Seas bottome, then win the favour of this icie peice; and therefore (for the future) I shall (with *Æsops* Fox) despise the fruition of that, which in affecting, I cannot attain; yet shall she know, that Princes must of necessity, either love affectionately, or hate deadly; and since my selfe must not enjoy her, I will so contrive, that *Amandus* shall not: having uttered this, in a great rage, he left the Garden, and departed towards the Pallace, in so moody a manner, that none of his Attendance, durst speake to him; and to those Lords that saluted him, he returned no answer, to the exceeding amazement of the Court, who wonder at (but cannot guesse) the cause of his change of cheare; the people whispering variously, but nothing truly, according to the wildnesse of their fancies.

Thus he, who not many months since, seemed to rivall that Prince of Planets, the Sunne, for translucency, and clearnesse, will now scarce serve for a Lunary in *Archimedes* Spheare, So great is the folly, that commeth of *Wisdome*, and so dreadfull is the wickednesse,

wickednesse, that ariseth out of the ashes of a  
dead vertue.

## CHAP. II

Rhoxenor exceedingly perplexed, Cheribrett discovers the cause of his dolour; his wicked counsell, he undertakes the businesse about Sophronia.



O great was Rhoxenors anguish, conceived, for the late repulse offered him by Sophronia, aggravated by his innate assurance, that his hopes were for ever buried in the Lathe of her chaste Love to *Amandus*; that he scarce refrained to offer violence to his own Person; and though Cheribrett his creature (though his Fathers Counsellour) and to whom he had hitherto unbowelled himselfe upon all occasions, was importunately solicitous, to gain from him the least part of that which occasioned his sorrow; yet it seemed he had exchanged tongues with some Fish,  
no



no answer was returned to any of his demands: so that it was all one, as if he had entered into dialogue with a Statue, or expected a responſion, from the painted mouth of a Picture on the wall, to the great griefe of *Clodimer*, and *Lucinda*, who mourned for their Sonne, as he were now to be inhumed, or were already ſleeping in a ſheet of Lead.

In this dolourous diſtracted condition, he abode the ſpace of eight dayes, eating little, and ſleeping leſſe, till one day (as he was toſſing himſelfe on his Couch) *Cheribrert*, unawares entring in, and ſtanding a while at the door, to liſten if he could heare the Prince pronounce the leaſt particle, that might give him an hint of that which afflicted him, he heard him uſe theſe wordsto himſelfe;

*Ah Sophronia, thus thy unkindneſſe, will procure the certaine ruine of thy ſelfe, and me, and endanger the deſtroying of a flouriſhing Kingdome.*

*Cheribrert*, glad of this Intelligence, as if he had heard nothing, enters in, after his wonted manner, and (as his uſuall cuſtome

was) besought him, now at last to discover his greife ; for ( quoth he ) be confident (Sir) of cure, if it be in the power of Heaven, Earth, or Hell to afford it : But finding him still wedded to his wonted taciturnity ; (quoth he ) my Lord, you are conscious (I am sure) of the knowledge I am famous for in Astrology ; and having calculated your Naivty, and otherwise used my Art to the utmost , I finde that you are in Love ; *Rhoxenor*, starting from his Couch, at that word, stood upon his feet, (quoth he) but though (perhaps) by thy Art, thou hast found out the cause, it is not in the power of gods, or men to prescribe the cure : My Lord (quoth *Cheribvert*) (having ever born a deadly hate to *Amândus*.)

Trees, that will not bend, are as easily broken ; tis at your discretion, though you cannot take in the Towne by Seige, to shake it to dust, with your battery ; by all that's sacred, and the bright Genius of this place , I vow to sacrifice soule and body to purchase your content, though your commands extended to the killing of my Father.

( Quoth

Amandus and Sophronia. 13

Quoth *Rhoxenor* and therewith fetch-  
ed a deep sigh, grating his teeth) Take  
then the dreadful secret into thy bosome, I  
love *Sophronia* (*Amandus's* betrothed wife)  
but her Person I must never expect to en-  
joy, which though I am content to be-  
leeve; yet such is the rigour of my tem-  
per, that the damned endure not more  
unexpressable torments in hell, then I,  
when I but entertain a thought, that *A-*  
*mandus*, or any else, shall have the fruition  
of that Paradise, from entering into which,  
a Cherubin (with a flaming Sword) is my  
Remora; I would faine work the coy *So-*  
*phronia*, some deep disgrace; and so con-  
trive, that *Amandus* may be made incapa-  
ble of her embraces.

To this *Cheribrett* (laughing aloud) an-  
swer'd; And hath this sleight businesse  
(my Lord) occasioned all this adoe, to  
the dishonour of your selfe, the griefe of  
*Clodomer*, and *Lucinda*, and the generall  
discourse, and distraction of the whole  
Realme; by the Soule of the world (my  
Lord) you have most indiscreetly fool'd  
your selfe.

F 3

Why

Why (quoth *Rhoxenor*) dost thou make so flight of it?

Yes, (quoth *Cheribrent*) for is it not in you, to dispose of *Sophronia*, and *Amandus*, as you shall thinke fit? are they not your Subjects, and Servants, are not (or ought not) their lives and estates, to be at your appointment, as other your Fathers Subjects, whose Heire aparent you are? Depute me (my Lord) for the managing of this businesse, and if I act not like another *Mercury*, wittily, yet like another *Saturne*, malevolently, decapitate me, and fix this head on the cheife Gate of the City.

I ever (quoth *Rhoxenor*) have found thee cordially fideliours, doe but doe as thou hast indented, and expect what wealth, or honour thou canst covet, while *Clodomer* lives, and when his death, puts the Diadem upon my head, to be my only favourite.

I (quoth *Cheribrent*) shall esteeme the fulfilling of your commands, rewards sufficient. I joy that Fate hath found out a way for me, to expresse the loyall duty

I owe to your Highnesse.

And so for that time they departed one from another, the Prince to the Court, and *Cheribrent* to his own mansion.

### CHAP. III.

*Cheribrent (by the aide of Flavia, Sophronias Woman) betrayes Sophronia to the censure of the Law, the manner thereof.*



Underfull it is to consider, how great an influence the interior parts of man, have on his exterior; *Rhoxenor* had almost vext himselfe to a *Skeleton*, but now [relying on *Cheribrents* abillity, for the accomplishment of his wicked designes] his minde being calmed, his whole *Microcosme* resumed its wonted vigour.

[So the vegetables of the earth, when the frosty hand of *Hyems* hath dispoyled them of their verdant garments, remaine (for a time) as it were, saplesse; but when *Hyperion* brings on the spring, they are

again adorned in their summer glory ]  
*Rhoxenor* hath the same health (though  
 not the same purity) he formerly enjoyed,  
 to the generall rejoycing of all men.

But now was *Cheribrert* devising how  
 to expresse himselfe a faithfull Servant,  
 to his ignoble Master, sometime he re-  
 solves on this, but then another conside-  
 ration proves it abortive: now he pro-  
 poseth that, as the surest, and most  
 facile way, but cogitating how it may  
 prove in the Catastrophe, he waveth it,  
 as suggested by the Feinds to his owne  
 ruine, at length he concluded on a way,  
 most probable, for the effecting of his de-  
 signes, which was this:

The vertuous *Sophronio* had an Hand-  
 maid, whom she peculiarly reflected on,  
 named *Flavia*; her he had a long time  
 endeavoured to winne to his lascivious  
 embraces, with all manner of rich gifts,  
 and faire promises, but had still failed in  
 his hopes; the Virgins breast being Ar-  
 mour of prooffe, against all the fiery as-  
 saults of this Fiend; yet in case he could  
 affect her honourably, in the way of mar-  
 riage,

riage, she denyed not, to meet his love with equall Fervour : By this Virgins means, he doubted not (though one would think he had cause enough to be diffident) to fulfill his engagement to *Rhoxenor*, and attaine his proposed ends.

With all speed therefore he resorts to *Flavia*, (who was hardly drawne to accompany him, imagining he yet came to demand that which she never meant to give) and having declared unto her his (seeming) noble intents (to make her his Wife, and sharer with him, in all he could call his) she look'd upon him with a more pleasing aspect then hitherto she had done; her gesture proclaiming, she applauded his intents, and with him would cheertfully accord to sing *Parans* to *Hymen*.

Having assured her his reality, with many oaths and imprecations, calling the immortall Gods to witnesse the Integrity of his heart (quoth he)

My deare, since now nothing wants, save some few ceremonious Formes, to make us one flesh, Heaven forbid wee should

*The Loves of*

should deny to accomplish any thing one for another, not beyond our ability to performe. So it is, that the Prince *Rhoxenor* (upon thy life, weare the secret next thy heart) is deeply enamoured on thy Mistresse, who he hath solicited in as quaint Oratory, as ever *Demosthenes*, *Quintilian*, or *Tully* were masters of, yet neither his words, presents, or promises, have proved of force enough to thaw her frosty chastitie: Now, it is in thee, to gaine him the fruition of his desires, and to make me (thy Husband) great in Riches and Honours; I know, she permits none to have natures best benefit by her save thee; too morrow night therefore, the Prince *Rhoxenor*, adorned with these very garments thou hast on, shall slip into thy Mistresse bed, which happinesse, when he hath once attained, if he lose the fruition of his blisse by Cowardice, let *Cupid* break his head with his Bow, or *Venus* strangle him with her Ceston.

*Flavia*, stood a while in a *Dilemma*, not knowing what answer to returne,  
yet



yet at length (*Oh the frailty of woman kind, who, if they resist the assault the one way, are easily surpris'd by the other*) she consented to act according to his prescription.

Thus she whose chastity could not be undermined by lust, or gaine, had her fidelity blowne up by the hope of conjugall Wealth, and matrimoniall Honour.

Night now drew her Curtaine o're the World, and the chaste *Sophronia* preparing for Bed, was enforced to use the ayde of some other Handmaid, *Flavia* (by *Cheriberts* advice) keeping out of the way on purpose. *Sophronia* entering her Bed, seemed like Bow-arm'd *Diana*, stripping her selfe of her ornaments, intending to bath her Deifide body in some Christall Fountaine, she was (indeed) an Adornment to that which Adorned her, the Arts, which other Ladies use to adde to the Lustre of their Beauties, would have dimm'd her natural exquisite Splendor: So great were her outward Perfections, that, not *Petrarch*, or *Sydney*, (were they

they alive) could find pertinent Elocution, futable to her Eulogie : So glorious were her inward endowments ; that none save *Apollo* himself, or rather the tongue of some *Cherub* , can speak them.

By this time pernicious *Cheribrert* had so dealt with a servant of his (no worse Officer then the Groome of his Stable) whom he had decked (with the Jay recorded by *Æsop*) in *Flavia's* Plumes, and with faire words, and rich promises, had so fortified his courage, that he resolutely entred *Sophronia's* Chamber , (having received the key of the doer from *Flavia*, in whom *Sophronia* reposed so great confidence, that she made her [ as it were ] the Guardianesse of her person) the fellow being entred, found the Excellent Lady fast asleep (so fatall was her chance, and so direfull her destiny) rejoycing thereat , he beckned to *Rhoxenor* and *Cheribret* (who stood at the staire-foot) to come up, who did so , and with easie motion planted themselves in a corner of the roome, behind the Arras , while the fellow went to bed ; no sooner in , but  
*Cheribrert*

*Cheribert* and the Prince left their station, and with loud cries, awaked the Chast Lady, who, amazed at the suddenesse of the thing, and wondring to behold *Cheribert*, and *Rhoxenor*, by her beds side, also perceiving the doore of her Chamber wide open, but looking upon the slave that had adventured into her bed, and finding him not to be *Flavia*, with a lowd threitch she leaped out of the bed, and was entertained by the Prince, into his Armes, though not with a Lovers embraces

O horroure (quoth *Cheribert*) calling his man by his name) what sawcie Fiend prompted thee to this villanie, to the never to be obliterated infamy of our Noble Generall, Amandus, the deep disgrace of all Ladies in this Kingdome; Heaven knowes how often she hath sated her salt lust with this stallion, and therewithall, he thrust a poniard to the fellowes heart.

Thou mayst report it in the other World (quoth he) but never in this, that thou hast had to doe with so beauteous a Lady

O

O Heaven (quoth Rhoxener) is this your love to Amandus ( Lady ) what woman may be trusted? We give our Soules to the Devil for a little Letchery, and a woman makes the Contract. Was this the occasion I appeared so despicable in your eies, an horse-beet-rubber your Paramour; by all the Gods, I tremble to thinke of your degenerate dotage, and had not mine eyes been witnessses of this horror, I should not have credited the Narration, had Apollo pronounced it: But be your sinne to your self, your Letcher hath paid for his wharfrage already, and is now entring into Charons boat: For your part (though your life bee forfeit by the Law) both triall, and execution shall be adjourned, till Amandus have resigned his Wreath at the feet of Fame, and shall have opportune leasure to hear the History of his own shame.


The betrayed Sophronia, was so vassalized to terrour, that she could not speak one word, but swooned away, so that they were forced to shew her some small curtesie against their wils, (such as the Spanish

Spanish Inquisitors extend to those they put to the Rack, give them some respite to recover their limbs anew, and more fiercely to torment them) and to put her into her bed, for her recovery.

*Cheribrent*, uncasing his dead Hireling, left him on the floore, throwing his own habit (which he ware under his womans weed) over him, and putting *Flavia's* gowne under his cloake, departed, with *Rhoxenor* to the Pallace, of whom, read more in the next Chapter.

## CHAP. IV.

*Sophronia (by the Kings command) carried Prisoner to Castle Angellina : Her Deportment there.*

 He Prince, having finished this unprincely work (by the help of his wretched Instrument, *Cheribrent*, to whom he promised great rewards for this service) resorts

to the King his Father, to whom he declares the debauchery of *Sophronia*, *Cheribrert* seconding the same, and adding, that he was so exasperated, and vassaliz'd to passion at the knowledge thereof, that he had justly (though unadvisedly) slain his own Servant (her Paramour) with his poniard. *Clodomir* (who little suspected the treacherie of *Rhoxenor*, and *Cheribrert*) after some dispute with those about him, concluded to commit her prisoner to *Castle Angellina*, there to remain, till time should further their intents for her trial, and punishment.

Unfortunate *Sophronia* was hardly reconciled to her gadding Senses, when the Captain of the Guard (furnished with plenary power to apprehend, and seclude her person) came to convey her to the place appointed; to whose power, she willingly submitted, like some innocent Lamb, invironed by a crew of ravenous Wolves, her Innocence, was her Shield; her Purity, her Defence; her Chastity, her Solace; and her Sanctity, her Sanctuary.

Being

Amandus and Sophronia.

29

Being come to the Castle, (or rather Casket, appointed to retaine so inestimable a Jewell) he was received by the Keeper thereof, whose wife, an old Crone, more deformed of mind, then body, took upon her to provide for her, lodging her in a chamber on the North-side of the Castle, so near the Sea, that sometimes Neptune watered the very windows thereof, where, taking a coale from the hearth, he wrote these verses on the wall.

*Ye faire Nereides, who love to sweep  
(In sedge Chariots drawn) the foaming deep;  
Thou chaste Aëtea, and Uronea sage,  
Cymodoce, that Neptune canst asswage,  
Themiste, Nemertea, Spio, all  
Yee seed of Doris, hearken to my call.  
I am Sophronia, by base lust betraid  
By Prince Rhoxenor, in a dungeon laid:  
Chant you my name aloud in Thetis Court,  
And wealthy Rhea, she wil thank you for't;  
Or else convey the Story of my woe  
To my Amandus (oh) did he but know  
My Innocence occasions me this ill,  
Clodomer, and Rhoxenor both, hee'd kill;*

C

But

But do not as I wish, I speak in passion,  
 Clodomer is the Father of my Nation,  
 His Son our Hope and Prop, here let me die;  
 Yet if I hap to have an Obsequie,  
 This Epitaph insculpe upon my Tomb.

Here by the destinies injurious doome  
 Hapless Sophronia lies, kild in her prime  
 For to be truly chaste was all her crime.

After she had finished these Verses, she  
 fate her down, resolved to beare patiently  
 whatsoever the will of Heaven should ap-  
 point, with as little repining, as her cause-  
 less sufferance, and womanish frailty would  
 permit; where for a while I must leave her,  
 for it is high time we visited *Amandus*, and  
 accompanied him into his own Countrey.



## C H A P. V.

Amandus (*having conquered the Girds*)  
*retournes Victorious to Verona. His So-*  
*lemn Entertainment.*



While *Rhoxenor* and *Cheribert* were applauding their fortunate successe in the late businesse, managed against *Sophronia*; *Rhoxenor* pleasing himselfe with the thought of *Sophronia's* dolour, and *Cheribert* promising himselfe that this would prove the *præludium* to *Amandus* downfall, knowing how strongly he was perswaded of his *Mistresse* Chastity. *Amandus* (having approved himselfe the Master of *Mavors*, and taught the *Girds*, who, being tributary to the *Lombards*, had rebelled, that the *Lombards* merited the Supremacie, excelling them both in Wisedome, and Valour) with his chief Captaines, *Venantius*, *Palladius*, *Pal-*

*lante*, and others (after 11 months absence) returned towards his owne Countrey, with many Prisoners, and rich Spoile, the people strowing Flowers, and presenting him with Gifts all the way, calling him their *PRESERVER*, his *COUNTRIES CHAMPION*, and the *WARS GLORY*; all which, he accepted with such a *Depoument*, as neither manifested he was proud of their Applause, or scorned their Kindnesse.

In this manner, he march'd towards *Verona*, not far from whence, the King *Clodomer*, Queen *Lucinda*, Prince *Rhoxenor*, *Cheribrert*, and all of the Councell, with infinite numbers of the Gentry on Horse-back, and an innumerable number of the Vulgar on foot, came out to meet him, in this manner.

First came the King *Clodomer*, wrapped in Ermins skins, on his head, the Diadem of *Lombardie*, on a stately Gennet, trapped with Gold, a Canopy of *Tyrian* Silk, with Gold Fringe, borne above his Head, by foure Noble men of especiall note, on each side of him (for he was a lover

lover of learning, and learned men) a venerable Bishop, the one named *Otho*, the other *Othello*, in their pontificall Attire, mounted on red Horses (to signifie, that by them the Almighty power dispenseth his Judgements and mercies,)

Then followed all the Nobility of that Kingdome (according to their severall Gradations) cloathed and mounted like petty Princes, as you see in a sharp winter night, when the lesser Luminaries of Heaven are congregated [as if met in counsell, to contrive the ruine of their Sovereign Lady *Phæbe*] one farre exceedeth another in luster; so was it amongst this Noble train, all strove for precedency, so that there could not be a parity: after these, came five Troops of Celestiall Choristers on foot, habited in black, with Palms in their hands, singing Pæans all the way, and playing on severall sorts of Instruments, to which their tuneable voyces, so admirably accented, that some would needs conceit, they were now taking their journey to *EliZium*, with their King and his Councell.

After these, came the Prince *Rhoxenor*, with *Cheribrert* and two more, all clad (like himselfe) in black, their Horses of the same colour, to the exceeding wonder of all men.

After whom, came the Queen *Lucinda*, mounted on an Unicorn (a woman though in yeares, of exceeding comlinesse, tall of stature, majestick of countenance, having the word *Queen*, written in her forehead) with all her traine of Ladies following her, deck'd in all the spoiles of nature.

*Like so many Constellations, convened in the upper Region of the Air, their contracted luster forced the Sunne (that greedily gazed upon them, to confesse, that his own Climine was rivalled by the meanest there) to muffle his glorious head in a Cloud, so that Lucinda, attended by these, seemed another Latona, glyding ore the Spartane Tageytus, with all her train of Nymphs.*

*Amandus*, with *Pallante*, *Venantius*, *Palladius*, and the chiefeft of his Commanders, drawing neare the King, deserted their Horses, and standing on foot, were honoured with *Clodomers* hand, which they affecti-

affectionately laid their lips to; the two Church-men, *Otho*, and *Othello*, congratulating *Amandus* arrivall, briefly, but pithily.

Then came the Prince *Rhoxenor*, who saluted *Amandus* at so great distance, as (considering their affectionate intimacie formerly, beyond that of *Pylades*, and *Orestes*, or *Damon*, and *Pythias*) much amazed him; *Cheribrert* seemed so much ravished with joy, that the Organs of his speech, were quite damn'd up, yet he made many humble and obsequious congees. *Amandus* found it no fit time, now, to enter into dialogue with *Rhoxenor*, or to enquire the cause, that had so incredibly estranged him, and therefore he refrained himselfe, and counterfeited a mirthfull cheare, and the rather (for that the Prince having joyned himselfe to his Father) seeing *Lucinda* came on, with all her bea-  
utious traine, (in the principall ranke of whom, he assuredly expected to have blest his eyes, with the sight of his divine Lady *Sophronia*) who likewise offered *Amandus*, and his associate Friends, the same honour

that *Cladomer* before had done, which they submissively accepted.

But *Amandus* (none blame him for it) was in great anxiety of mind (as the oddness of his gesture well denoted) at the strange carriage of things, he perceived the King beheld him, but with halfe a face, seeming more to reflect upon his Officers (*Venantius*, and *Palladius*) then himselfe; then, the Prince to meet him (at such a time) in swarthy weeds, saluting him at more distance, then a country Gentlewoman would view the Lyons at first time; and what was more horrible then Hell, not to have the sight of *Saphronia* his soules life (whom he had left to *Clodomers* tuition, and protection) these severall ill boading Omens: his jealous Fancy contracted into one ominous apparancy, which prompted him to prognosticate some strange Revolution had happened during his non-residency from *Verona*, yet such was the noble temper of his soule, so great his Magnanimitie [imbolnded by his Innocency] that he resolved, not so much as tacitely to repine, but to waite pati-

patiently, and (to humane view) contentedly, till time should make a discovery, to the clearing of all doubts, and so fortified with this (truly heroick) resolution, he set forward to the City.

## CHAP. VI

*Venantius, and Palladius, having bargained with an English Curtezan, &c. are very Scurvily handled.*



OW for that the Reader will have enough of dolourous discourse, ere the History be brought to a period; it will not be amisse, if I recite one pleasant passage, that happened to the two Colonels, *Venantius*, and *Palladius*.

The *Girpids* thus subdued, by the blessing of heaven, upon *Amandus* prowesse, it was thought fit, no longer to keep the Army in pay (the maintenance of which, must needs prove an intollerable burthen to the Subject, especially the Kingdome

not

not needing a visible force) and therefore *Clodomer* having bestowed great gratuities, and rich gifts (befitting his own magnificence, and their merits) upon the severall Commanders of the Army; with a largis to be distributed amongst the common Souldiers, commanded them Immediately to be disbanded, with a Proclamation of thanks, for their good service.

*Venantius, Palladius, Paradine, and Anselmus*, the four principall Commanders under *Amandus* (I mention not *Pallante*, for he kept close to the Generall, entirely loving, and entirely beloved of him) these Disciples of *Mars*, who subsisted by blood and sweat, having now no further employment, in this Kingdome, resolved to put themselves, under the governance of the Duke *Medina*, Generall of a potent (*Spanish*) Army, for the invasion of Fertile *France*, but ere they left *Verona*, they swore to make tryall, what Wine and Women the City afforded.

Being much of the mind of too many Martiallists, managing the Army of the late King of *England*, whose vinall and  
 venercall



venereall appetites have ruined the glory of all former and future Princes.

In order to this resolution, they resort to the signe of the Goddesse *Venus*, scituate on the east side of the City, (it seemes, that Pest houses, and Bawdy houses there, have equall appointment) a Tavern, kept by one *Antonio Ronfardo*, a *Venetian*, who had to wife an *English* woman - (a Renegado from her first Mate, of comely feature) named *Mariana* (one, who when in *England*, was more afraid of a Shrove-tuesdaies Battery, then a guilty Wretch to view the face of an angry Judge) here being arrived, they were soon conducted into a tipling Tenement, where they began to drinke like Dutch men, *Clodomers*, *Lucindas*, *Rhoxenors*, and *Amandus* healths were deeply celebrated, and now being well heated with Wine, they knockd for *Mariana* the Mistresse of the house, who came simpring into their company, like some nice Sister of the new edition; and yet ere she parted, received her *Sallery*, to make *the Beast with two backs*, with one and tother that night.

Having

Having received her Coin, viz. forty Crownes, she left them to their mirth, who began to roar and sing, no English Royster beyond them; *Venantius* (as well as his new conceived hyccup would permit) began to sing this Catch:

*Let the Campe stay,  
and the Knapſack-bearers want their pay  
till to morrow;*

*We all are agreed  
that *Bachus* ſhall bleed,  
till drinking hath drowned our ſorrow.*

*What gaine Phillips Son, ſuch Conqueſt and Fame,  
And great Julius Cæſar ſo glorious a Name,  
But tipling in Triumph, ſans limit or aime.*

Pewh (quoth *Palladius*) there is no melody in theſe Madrigals, no Songs pleaſe me, ſave thoſe that are dedicated at leaſt by a *Cupid*; heare mine, and with that he began to ſing this.

*Song.*

## Song.

Why so coy and nice dear Lady,  
Pray you, why so nice?  
You long to make your Lord a Daddy,  
Is kissing then a vice,  
pray you, why so nice

Why those Pearles fetcht from the Ocean  
And those Gems of price?  
You know we men have heat and motian.  
These must needs entice  
maugne all advice.

Why this Tyre with care contorted,  
Why this Silk-worms tolle,  
And why these hairens curiously sorted  
Bedew'd with sacred Oyle  
save our bloods to boyle?  
If Resolution arme your heart  
'Tis horrid Tyranny,  
For to transluce us with Loves Dart  
And yet no cure apply  
you are our maldady.

By

By this time they had sufficiently fuddled themselves; the vapourous steam of both Ellements, I mean, the fumosity of Wine, and the reaking sent of that *Indian Weed*, now so common in use, began to foment a civill war in their crazed noddles, to the infinite prejudice of their feeble braines, who now no longer able to stand upon their guard, yeilded themselves captive, to the disposall of their mercilesse Conquerours; *Paradine* and *Anselmus* (the onely moderate men of the four) made a shift to grope the way to their lodgings, but *Venantius* and *Palladius*, resolved not to give their money for nothing, although they were very diffident of some imbecillity already seized on their neather nerves.

Well, it now grew late, *Mariana* comes up to give them notice, that it was high time, to betake them to their rest.

Sweet beauty (quoth *Venantius*) we shall not tantalize long, in expectation of your society.

Doe you doubt me (quoth *Mariana*) be confident, I will be better than my word  
to

to you; and so departed. They imagining, by the word *Better*, she intimated, that she would be with them sooner then perhaps they thought, not imagining what after happened, and doubting nothing, went to bed together.

Now you must understand, that *Mariana* perceiving *Venantius* and *Palladius*, to be Commanders of the Army under *Amandus* ( by whose Proclamation, it was death for any Officer, or Souldier, to solicit another mans wife ) and well knowing, that they durst not attempt any thing afterward, should she use them for the present never so courselly, had resolved to receive their money, but not to yeeld them the **C**ommodity they bargained for; and therefore had told them, that though her husband *Ronsardo* was out of town, yet there were so many Lodgers in the house, ( who took strict notice of her actions ) that she could by no means wait upon them in their own Chamber; yet (said she) if you dare run a little hazard, for the thing you seem so to affect, all my Lodgers being in bed, the lodging  
where

where you are to rest to night, stands just over my Chamber, where is a Trap-door, of which I have the key; and when I perceive all quiet, will steale up, and open it my selfe (but take heed you preserve no Candle unextinguish't) descending with you into mine own Chamber, where you may enjoy your wishes till morning.

This they were so foolish to beleieve, and waited her approach accordingly.

*Venantius* was the better Servant to *Venus* of the two, and therefore he inforced himselfe to watchfullnesse, but *Palladius* (having drank hard) was no sooner in bed, but he fell fast asleep, when not long after, upcomes *Mariana* in the darke and finding no Candle in the Chamber.

Oh (quoth she) this is well done, to put out the light: (quoth *Venantius*) although I could have wish'd a view of that ground I am to till, yet (for your sake Lady) I am content to act all things *in tenebris*: come (quoth she) all things are prepared below, there we may enjoy the reflection of a Taper without fear, which that we might doe, I have on purpose planted  
one

one, in a darke lanthorne under the table.

Excellent creature (quoth *Venantius*) this shall for ever bind me to thee, body, and soul, let us descend: then perceiving *Palladius* snoring by him, he endeavoured to rowz him, with pushing, and pinching, and at last, with much adoe, did so.

You are a sure card (quoth *Mariana*) I perceive, and in a fit capacity to cut capers.

Hang him dullard (quoth *Venantius*) let him ene snore till morning, I'le warrant you (Lady) you will find enough of me.

By no meanes (quoth *Mariana*) for so we may be betraid; the Gentleman may perhaps wake, and finding himself alone, make a clamour.

*Palladius*, half drunk, half sober, betweene sleeping and waking, leaping out of the bed, would needs be the first that descended, which he did, departing so silently (as *Venantius* imagined) down the stayres, that he much marveiled thereat.

D

Quoth

(Quoth he) sure *Palladius* is acquainted with those steps, and is not so drunke as I thought him to be.

May be so (quoth *Mariana*) now (Sir) take your progresse, I must goe last, because of locking the doore, that nothing may be discerned in the morning.

*Venantius*, hastily putting one of his feet forward to find a staire, was cheated of his expectation, and violently precipitated into a Jakes, adjacent to the common shoare, where he found *Palladius* swearing and cursing, as he were mad.

*Mariana* having lodged her Lovers, departed (laughing) to her bed.

But *Venantius* and *Palladius* were in a very stinking condition, and almost suffocated with the noisome steame, evaporating from that heap of dung with which they were invironed, almost up to the chins, so that the feare they were in, quite expelled their drunkenesse, and they began now to cogitate how they might find delivery out of that dirty labyrinth, which with much adoe they attained, wandring so long till at last they came to the head  
of



of a clear river, where they bestowed some time to cleanse themselves, and then joyned noddles, to consider which way to take (naked as they were.) But that which was the greatest corasive to their minds, they concluded it impossible to recover any damages of *Mariana*, or to plague her for their punishment; and therefore resolving to make the best of a bad matter, they set forward very fairely towards *Paradines* lodging, of whom (after some dispute) they gained admittance, where I leave them.

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THE LOVES OF  
SOPHRONIA  
AND  
AMANDVS

---

*The Second Book.*

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C H A P. I.

*Great Revelling, and a Masque at Court,  
its Presentation: Amandus, in great  
sorrow for his Mistresse.*



Arrived at Verona, Amandus gave thanks to the people for their forward zeal, who with loud Acclamations, (so that the Earth rang againe) praying the Heavens to showre downe their choysest

choicest blessings upon him, departed to their homes.

This popular Applause, as it no whit contented *Clodomer*, so it put *Rhoxenor*, and *Cheribrent*, into a cold sweat: The King seemed highly to honour *Amandus*, whom the Nobles and Courtiers (who, as in a clock, are the lesser wheels, all pliable to the circular motion of the great one) generally imitated. *Amandus* was lodged the next Chamber to the King, who feasted him with all variety of Cates, and curious Wines: The Earth, the Sea, and Aire, were all plundered of their eatable Inhabitants, so that *Lucullus* (had he been there) would have repined at such expensive prodigality; so that for sumptuous, and luxurious fare, not *Ninus* Successors; nor *Cleopatra* when she feasted *Julius Caesar*; or *Mark Anthony*, was comparable. Without, was continually heard the sound of Cornets, Shagbors, and Flutes: Within, the pleasing melody of Lutes, Vials, and Virginals; yet all this while no speech of *Sophronia*. The Prince associated *Amandus*, (tis true)

but so, as if he had come on Embassage to denounce war, and not as his (sometime) deare and bosome friend.

This, *Amandus* seemed to take no notice of, knowing things could not long hang in suspence: This was the twelfth day that *Amandus* had been a Courtier, when the King commanded *Linus*; his chief Poet, to devise a Masque, futable to the present occasion (to be presented on the morrow, in the golden Theater) which *Linus* accordingly performed: And the King, with *Rhoxenor* on his Right hand, and *Amandus* on his Left, with all his Nobilitie at distance: And *Lucinda*, with all her Traîne of Ladies at her feet, all things in readinesse,

There was discovered

*The Nymph Parthenope appearing, laid along on the brinke of a calme Sea, and there awaked by the noise of Trumpets and Drums; after her regret (upon her former repose, and present miseries) Courage, and Fidelity, appeared to comfort her, who,*  
having

having made a faire promise for the time to come, departed, and,

Jupiter appeared from above, in a calm and Serene Skie, sending her, for the more assurance of his word, his Messenger, Mercury, who descended from Heaven in a Cloud, bringing with him, Peace, and Publick Tranquillitie, and joyning with Parthenope in a dance,

The Scene closed.

This Device was exceedingly applauded by the King, and all there present. *Amandus* (though he seemed attentive) could give but a very slender account of what he had seen, and heard, the reflection of his eyes being reversed inward, and his thoughts wholly busied about *Sophronia*, so that (to him it appeared) he beheld a *Matachine*, and not a *Masque*.

Yet though Poison, and Poniards, and all Instruments of ruine, were obvious to the eye of his mind, he cries, rarely plotted, and excellently presented. *Sol* then giving place to *Diana*, put his hor-

ses to pasture, in *Neptunes* watry Mea-  
dowes.

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## CHAP. II.

*The Kings Discourse with Amandus in  
private. A Discovery of his Fathers  
wrongs. The Prince, and Cheribrert,  
justifie his Mistresse lewdnesse. His di-  
stemper.*



THE King perceiving by *A-  
mandus* countenance (how-  
ever imbellished with feign-  
ed smiles) and his gesture,  
(however modellized into  
a pliant Garbe) that he was  
much troubled about somewhat, that he  
would be glad to heare, and yet was a-  
fraid to aske, carrying him with him one  
day alone into the Privy Garden, (com-  
manding that none whatsoever should dare  
to interrupt him for an hour) he entred  
with

with him into a pleasant Arbor, situate beneath a Mulbery tree, whose Fabrick was fashioned of creeping Vines, intermingled with blushing Roses; sitting him downe (willing *Amandus* to accompany him, since they were alone) he began thus to expresse himself.

*Amandus,*

**Y**OU cannot be ignorant (I am sure) what a tender regard I have ever discovered towards you, from your infancy, even unto this present; I need not mention how I found you at first, with what Indulgence I have nurtured you, and to what an height of honour my smiles have raised you; though I could say your Father (I confesse a Peer of great Magnanimity, and of a vast Estate) left you, a desolate Orphan (his prodigality having reduced him to such penury, that I was forced to support him out of my owne Reverew), and I could say, that I have given you education, no whit inferiour to my Sonne *Rhoxenor*; and for your capacity at present, I think I need not tel you,  
you

you cannot but find your selfe to move  
in the *Apogum* of Honour.

The King would have proceeded farther, but *Amandus* (who could no longer keep silence) thus interrupted him.

Royall Sir,

I Know not to what Port the winde of  
your *praludium* may designe you, nor  
am I greatly umerous to stand the shock  
of that thunder this lightning portends:  
But I must tell you (Sir) it is not King-  
ly in you, to upraid him (whom I have  
hitherto thought) your vertuous Can-  
dour prompted you to pitch upon, with  
those benefits, which you voluntarily  
were pleased to think him worthy of. My  
Father Sir, you did ill, and (were you  
not my King, I would tell you) basely  
beneath your selfe, to mention, your self  
occasioning his ruine, first by Banish-  
ment (so fearefull were you of his grow-  
ing greatnesse) and next by a State pro-  
ject, procuring a forfeiture of his goods;  
then indeed, having made him a Beggar,  
you made it your charitie to afford him  
honou-



honourable reliefe, while the vertuous *Euphrasia*, my Mother, and my faire Sister, *Eudoxia*, were forced to rely on an Annuall Penſion, ſtated upon them by my Ulukle, then Duke of *Fridland*. For me, I acknowledge my ſelf obliged in all the bonds of Gratitude, to your Princely care: But give me leave to be ſenſible, that my Fathers Inheritance, (though it equalled not the extent of an Imperiall Monarchy in limits) had he enjoyed it, had been a Dowry ſufficient (in all reſpects) to have afforded me the ſame qualifications that you have beſtowed: And for the Spheare wherein I now move, I know I enjoy it altogether by your ſuffrage, but I ſhould injure Heavens ordination, if I ſhould make my ſelf ignorant, that my actions have merited more then hath hitherto been conferred upon me.

How often (Sir) have I been your Bulwark, and Brazen wall, ſuppreſſing Intestine Commotions, and repelling forraigne Invaſions; how often have I  
thruſt

thrust my person betwixt you and danger? the very scars, (the memoriall of those once gaping wounds) which in sundry mortall Battailes I have received for your sake, may plead my deserts to be far above your rewards: Have I not (now lately) vanquished, and vassalized, your ancient irreconcilable enemies, the *Girpids*, proffering to undertake so desperate a service, when all your paper *Heroes*, and curtaine Champions, were devising how to abscond themselves, like timorous hares, and not to meet their enemies, like undaunted Lions? Have not I — Hold (quoth the King) I perceive thou wilt soone shoot up (by the helpe of thine own fancie) from a pigmey, to a Pyramid.

All thou hast done, hath been but a subjects duty, but I would have told you (*Amandus*) had not your passion been too predominant, over the reverence due to my person, that *Sophronia*, your Mistres, (at this *Amandus* started) is [ since your absence ] grown a foule loose whore,

At this, *Amandus* stood like another  
*Phineas*,

*Phineas*, having viewd the head of some *Gorgon*, which the King perceiving, (quoth he)

I say (*Amandus*) that your Mistresse, *Sophronia*, is a traytresse to your love, and her own honour.

You would have thought *Amandus* had been transf-elemented (had you beheld him at that instant) but at length, recollecting himself a little, he answered in a distracted tone.

But dares *Clodomer* report this, and not feare a Thunder-bolt (with sawcy *Salmoncus*) should pound him (as *Anacharsis* once in a mortar) to peices? You are my King (Sir) I know you beare Divinitie about you, which is your protection, else by the wronged innocence of that abused Lady, were you ingirt with circular flames, and managed oakes, with as much facility as children wield bulrushes, the hilts of this sword should kiss your heart. *Sophronia* fals, I wil sooner beleeve a Panther may be made to fetch and carry like a Spanniel; the Moone drawn down by the beating on a kettle;  
or

or conceit with a Perspective Glasse to peep into Heaven, as once harbour a thought, that *Sophronia* can be perfidious.

The King seeing him in such a rage, began to doubt, that his Person might be endangered, and therefore thought it best to expostulate in a calme Dialect: ( quoth he )

I now see the old Proverb verified; *facile credimus, quod volumus*, but let not *Amandus* foole himselfe, into a faith of that which is not, if I bring thee not apparent prooffe, such strong evidence, that thy selfe ( unlesse madnesse make thee incredulous ) shalt acknowledge, thou hast to long been an Heritick.

Prooffe ( quoth *Amandus* ) for Heavens sake ( Sir ) delight not to torture him, that honours you ; why the Angels retaine not more immaculate purity, than that excellent Lady layes claim to.

I see ( quoth the King ) it will be hard to dis-inchaunt thee, if thou dar'st not give credit to my Allegation, my Son *Rhoxenor*, and honest *Cheribrert*, shall give thee  
more

more ample Testimonie.

He had no sooner utter'd this, but *Rhoxenor*, and *Cheribrett* came into the Garden, the King beckning to them to approach, which they did; *Amandus* not having patience, to wait the leisure of time, went to meet them, with so irefull a countenance, that they might easily guesse the horror he had within, meeting them halfe way (quoth he) to *Rhoxenor*,

Sir,

I expect to find mercy at your hands, as you are noble, and have ever entertained a pleasing thought of *Amandus*, tell me plainly, and positively, is it in your knowledge, that my *Sophronia* is lost to that goodnesse, which once did feede her humil substance.

Yes (quoth *Rhoxenor*) these eyes have seen that libidinous Strumpet, folded in the Armes of *Cheribretts* Groom.

Too true my Lord (quoth *Cheribrett*) I must needs acknowledge, her Letcher was my Servant, a tall Steele chind fellow (the reason perhaps, why she affected him) but such was the devotion I bare to your  
name

name and honour ( whose love I knew to be grounded on the firme foundation of reall worth ) that I slew the Caitiffe with my own hands.

Peace Screitchowle ( quoth *Amandus* ) I know thee to be *Serquilinium mendaciorum* , what woman may be trusted, if *Sophronia* be false ?

Come ( quoth *Clodomer* ) let us depart to the Pallace , and there discourse further of this businesse.

No ( quoth *Amandus* ) the constitution of my Soul agrees not with that Climate, the Pallace is scituate in a very noysome pestilentiall Aire, the Lake *Avernus* is Paradise to it.

And so ( with a distracted look, without taking leave of any ) he flang away from them , departing to his Chamber, ( where he found his friend *Pallante* ; ) the King, *Rhoxenor*, and *Cheribrert* ( not knowing how to conster his words at parting ) departed to the Pallace, concluding ( all the way they went ) that *Amandus* must be sent to his grave, or themselves expect to lie in the Dust.

Chap.

## C H A P. III.

*Sophronias complaint in prison, her Mothers Ghost appearing, forewarnes her, of future events.*

**F**ear I have too long forgotten to mention the unfortunate *Sophronia*, and therefore (if the Reader please to visit a Prison with me) we will walke to Castle *Angellina*, and make enquiry, how that excellent Lady brooks her restriction.

Who having been under the power of *Fanitorius* (for so was her Keeper called) his Keys, almost the space of twenty dayes, began (like some caged *Philomel*) to be in love with Solitude.

Sorrow sat in so lovely a shape upon her brow, that he that had seen her sit in that solemn posture, would have been enamoured on Adversity, and (contrary to the practise of all mankind hitherto)

E

have

have courted affliction with more affectionate desire, then young Virgins haste to meet their beloved Paramours; she belched not forth execrations against *Rhoxenor*, or *Cheribrert*, nor taxed the Celestiall Powers of Tyranny, and Partiallity, Invoking *Demogorgon*, or *Proserpina*, but bore her Injuries like some captive Saint, with so resolv'd and mild a Sufferance, that the most Inoxerable *Phalaris*, or *Efilino* himselfe, would have been moved with compassion to have seen her.

One day, weary with walking to and fro in her Chamber, she layd her selfe down on her Bed, which she abundantly watered with her teares, numerously distilling from the Lymbecks of her bright and heavenly eyes.

Which as they fell, *Juno* gave command to *Cupid* (by the power of his God-head) to thread on a part of that string, which loving *Ariadne* gave to the faithlesse *Theseus* (which conducted him out of the *Cretan* Laberinth) which she wound about her Arme, tucking up her sleeves, to shew her gawdy Wrists.



I say, casting her delicate Body on her homely Bed, she began thus to complaine.

*Ah my deare Amandus, little dost thou know, to what misery thy faithfull Sophronia (for thysake) is exposed; O let the whispering Winds convey the story of my woe into thy eares, or some heavenly Cherub instruct thy intellectu (for certainly, without a miracle thou canst not have notice) of my abode, in this dreadfull ominous Den; ah Rhoxenor, canst thou imagine the Olimpick Dieties, will ever remaine deaffe to my complaints, and not (at length in vindication of my innocency) raine Sodom's destruction, on thine, and that Villaine Cheriberts head; for if such wickednesse scape unpunished, then let no man tremble (for the future) to provoke the vengeance of Heaven, by all manner of vile, and impious Acts.*

Having thus said, she forsook the bed, and departed to that window, opening towards the Sea; she had not been there long, beholding the billowes dance quarrelling lavaltoes, but up comes (the Keepers  
E 2 wife )

wife) the old Crone that attended her (named *Morpa*) with a nosegay in her hand, a bottle of wine, and a dish of fruit (for *Rhoxenor* had commanded she should have all civill respect) and setting them downe, making a curtsie, departed.

*Sophronia* looking behind her, and viewing the bunch of flowers, (after she had smelt to them) took pen, inke, and paper, and wrote this

## O D E

*For to perfume our burying,  
All the flowers of the Spring  
Doe meet; man flourisheth a time,  
And these have but their growing prime.  
Wee'r set, we grow, we turn to earth,  
Such is our progresse from our birth.  
Adieu all sensuall appetites,  
Adieu ye Courts, and all delights;  
The sweetest breath, and clearest eye,  
Have no perpetuities.  
As shadowes wait upon the Sun,  
This is consequently done.*

*Who'd*

*Who'd seek by Trophis, and dead things,  
(Like some vaine, ambitious Kings)  
To leave a living name behind?  
Hoping in bags to catch the wind.*

Having finished these verses, she threw away the paper, and in a very pensive manner sat her downe in a chaire, leaning her Alabaster Face on her Ivory Hand, on one side of the Table, finding her self much disposed to sleep.

*Morpheus* had scarce seized on his leaden Mace, with an intent to make prize of her senses, when she heard the noise of many instruments, conspiring in one concord, to make a Cœlestiall harmony, to her great admiration, which caused her to listen very attentively, when on a sudden, the perfect shape and similitude of her deceased mother, the (sometime) excellent *Euphrania*, appeared to her view, apparralled all in white, her countenance the same when living, but more bright and polished, who spake to her after this manner.

From high Olympus I am come,  
 Ever blest Elizium,  
 For to forewarne thee what shall be  
 Thy Fate, for the futuritie.  
 Amandus (thy espoused Lord)  
 Hath quel'd the Girpids by his sword;  
 Now's in Verona, feeles much smart,  
 And woe, not knowing where thou art.  
 Rhoxenor triumphs in his ill;  
 Cheribrert laughs, to have his will:  
 But all the heavenly powers agree  
 Punishment for their treacherie.  
 Lucinda shall forfeit her breath,  
 While she bewailes Rhoxenors death:  
 And then, if thou applaud the thing,  
 Thou shalt be partner with a King.  
 When many sorrowes thou hast past,  
 Expect triumphant joy at last.

Having said this, Euphrania's Genius departed from her (so shadowes glide, and clouds vanish) leaving her in a very pleasing Rapture; where also I am compelled to let her remaine a while without notice, for *Amandus* deeds call upon me for divulgement.

CHAP. IV.

*Amandus (beleeving Sophronia to be false) is very invective against women. Pallante defends them. Flavia (poisoned by Cheribrert) ere she dies, discovers the villanie of Rhoxenor and Cheribrert, to Amandus. His Resolution thereupon.*

**Y**O U heard before, that *Amandus* had left the King, the Prince, and *Cheribrert*, in the Privy Garden, and was returned to his chamber in great perplexity.

Where being arrived, he found his friend *Pallante* busie in making verses, (for he was an indifferent good Poet, affecting the Muses more then (perhaps) they affected him) who, seeing him approach in so distracted a manner, looking as he had been affrighted with some hellish Feinds, he began to enter into dia-

logue with him, imploring him to discover, what uncouth accident had so amazed his Senses, but not one word did *Amandus* retribute, but throwing himselfe upon the bed, he tore his haire, and smote his brest, in so ruthfull a manner, that *Pallante* could not forbear to shed store of teares, to behold his friend in such anguish.

After he had a long time wrought his owne distemperature, he burst forth into these expressions.

Oh wretched *Sophronia*, thy faithlesse heart hath wrought my temporall and eternall ruine; I might have been forewarned, by the Example of King *Philip* and *Olympia*; *Paris* and *Helena*; *Alexander* and *Rosana*; *Hercules* and *Dejanira*; *Hannibal* and *Tamyra*; *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; *Nero* and *Agrippina*; how I reposed confidence in so weake a piece, as *Sophronia*: who would give credit to the protestations of so fraile, and foule a thing, as woman?

Whose lives are filthy; whose persons without shame: false in their words; doubtfull

doubtfull in their acts; in whom, wise men ever found peril, and fooles suffer injurie.

I now am content to credit that fond legend of the *Ægyptians*, amongst whom it is a received opinion; *That the River Nilus breaking forth, over-run the Earth, and that certaine pieces thereof, cleaving together, the Sun-beames fervently reflecting thereon, produced many wild beasts, and amongst them, was found the first woman.*

Fie for shame (said *Pallante*) are you not asham'd to vent forth such execrable blasphemy, against that Divine, and more then Angelicall Sex.

Oh (quoth *Amandus*) could'st thou be capable (friend) of the misery that I suffer, (exceeding that of *Ixion*, or *Titius*) thou wouldst say I had cause to be Satyricall. Could hell contrive a more superlative mischief, then that she, whom I affected dearer then my own life, a Lady of such high Birth, and (ere this) of such superiour Eminency, that Princes have contested for her favour, glad to purchase her

her smiles with the forfeiture of their Crownes , should prostitute her silken limbs to the sordid use of a dirty droyle, whose living sprung out of the horfeding? Horror, horror.

Having thus said, he began anew to practise violence upon his owne person, raving, and foaming so, that *Pallante* began to fear the losse of his senses; and therefore sitting down by his beds side, he began thus to speak.

My Lord (quoth he) I beseech you, be not so much the Author of your own dolour; how know you, but your *Sophronia* is guiltlessly calumniated, and abused?

(Quoth *Amandus*) Hell, and Furies, the Prince *Rhoxenor*, and Lord *Cheribrert*, surpris'd her in the very act of shame.

My Lord (quoth *Pallante*) because they say it, therefore will you credit it? Observe the circumstances, and you will find you have great cause, maturely to deliberate, and strictly to scrutinize, ere you give your censure. I cannot, nor dare not suspect the Prince, as conscious  
of



of any ignoble Act : But for *Cheribrert*,  
 I dare call him villaine to his face; (you  
 know that he hath ever hated you) and  
 who knowes whether that malicious *Ca-*  
*ca-demon* hath not contrived this com-  
 plot : I am sure you have not yet seen  
*Sophronia*, since your returne to *Verona*;  
 what injustice then is it, for you to de-  
 nounce your doom, ere you have heard  
 the party accused speak.

Thou speak'st very well, and notably  
 to the purpose, my excellent Friend,  
 (quoth *Amandus*) I confesse I was too  
 rash, although (I fear) not too confident.  
 Having said this, he deserted the bed,  
 calling for wine, and drinking freely with  
 his friend, both sitting downe by a Ta-  
 ble, where *Amandus* found *Pallante's* pa-  
 per of Verses, in which (himselfe now  
 being in Love) he had made *Æricina's* ar-  
 med Sonne, to give this Invitation, to all  
 Lovers, within a flight shot of him.

*Cupids*

CUPID'S Invitation to his  
BOWER.

## ODE.

**L**ove expels all cares and feares,  
 With musick that out-vies the Spheres;  
 And with Soule-melting Lullabies,  
 Doth calme all passions that arise;  
 Which give a motion to the Stones,  
 With their sweet alluring Tones.  
 Hands, and lips, and eyes invite,  
 See the snowy Virgins white.  
 Here's many Alexanders brave,  
 As many Hellens faire I have,  
 Only for to wait on me,  
 They attired richly be.  
 You shall have her in plenty, lavish  
 Whatsoe're the Sense can ravish.  
 The Driades have stolen by theft  
 To me, and their green Groves have left;  
 And in this my Bower green,  
 Sol, Neptune, Thetis, have been seen.  
 I can give you Tagus Sand,  
 Never saile out of the Land.

*I have golden Fleeces store,  
Never goe to Cholchos shore.  
The Elizian Fields are in my plaine,  
Therefore the shades you haunt in vaine.  
Jove to me his Court doth bring,  
With his Garimeds to sing.  
Carelesse of Argus hundred eyes,  
Or of jealous Juno's Spies.  
For nothing else the Gods made night,  
But for to screene Lovers delight.*

*Amandus* having read these Verses,  
(quoth he) I find (friend *Pallante*) that  
you are very amorously inclin'd, and  
write with a Quill, pluck'd even from *Cu-  
pids* wing. My *Cephus* ever led me to  
(that with which my present condition  
best suites) Solid and Grave Subjects,  
dressed in Prose: But that you may see I  
have sipp'd off *Hellicon*, and slept some  
minutes on *Parnassus*; I will endeavour,  
(by the help of the nine) to write some  
few numbers. I have now to doe with  
Tombs, and Death-beds; Funerals; and  
Teares; so fetching a Deaths head, which  
he alwayes gave a residence (nocturnally)  
by

by him, he set it down before him on the Table, and wrote these Verses;

*Though here on earth men differ, in the grave  
There's no distinction; all alike they have.  
Then must the Conqueror, with the captive  
On one bare earth, as in the common bed (spread,  
The all commanding Generall hath no span  
Of ground allowd, more then a common man.  
Folly with Wisedome hath an equall share,  
The foul, and faire, to like dust changed are.  
This is, of all mortality, the end :  
Thersites now with Nereus dares contend ;  
And with Achilles he hath equall place,  
That living , durst not look him in the face.  
The servant with his Master, and the maid,  
Stretch'd by her Mistres; both their heads are  
Upon an equal pillow; subjects keep (laid  
Courts, with Kings equal, & as soft they sleep,  
Lodging their heads upon a turfe of grasse,  
As they on Marble , or on figur'd brasse.*

He had scarce finished these Verses,  
when *Flavia*, (*Sophronia's* quondam wait-  
ing woman) came in , in great hast,  
and falling downe at his feet , besought  
him

him to hear her a few words, and to give credit to her last breath, for ( quoth she ) I feele the poison powerfully to opperate. Speak ( quoth *Amandus* ) ere thou catch an everlasting cold, and shalt be heard no more, what important matter doth thy tongue labour with.

( Quoth she ) it is not unknowne to you, that I once served your vertuous *Sophronia* ( I must be briefe in my discovery ) as became her, in whom she reposed so great confidence, and had still continued her loyall Servitrex, had not the black Soul'd *Cheribrert* deluded me, to my destruction and her ruine; who knowing himsele not able to win me to satiate his lust ( and knowing I would not deny him lawfull love ) perswaded me he meant to make me his Wife, enjoyning me ( as the first tryall of my love ) to aid him in the prosecution of a businesse; for the fulfilling whereof, he had strongly engaged himsele, which was, ( O Sir, pardon my trecherous Levity ) to admit Prince *Rhoxenor* [ who, he said, was greatly enamoured on *Sophronia* ] to her Bed; this I was wonne to, but the devillish

devillish *Cheribrent*, did but feign this device to me; for he so ordered it, that his Groom (whom he afterwards slew with his own hands, for fear his villany might be detected) entred the Chamber, and the Innocent *Sophronia*.

She would have proceeded, but the venomous potion had by this time so enfeebled her faculties, that she fell down all along, and (with a feeble tone, using these words; *My Lord, be assured, that Sophronia is the most vertuous Lady in the world. I would discover more, but the Poyson hath dispersed it selfe all over my heart; I am the occasion of all this ill, and goe, I know not whether*) with a greivous groan dyed.

What pen can expresse, or what heart thinke, the extreame astonishment that happened to *Amandus*, to heare these dying words of *Flavia*.

Oh yee Immortall Powers (quoth he) what fatall end have yee reserved me for, have I escaped the *Girpids* fury, and swam a Sea of blood (like another *Cæsar*, with one hand cutting my passage through the Waves,

Waves, and holding in the other, a Proclamation of Peace and Tranquility, to my native Country, to be put upon the defiance of my Sovereignes Sonne, whom to challenge I dare not, [the Law making such a proposall, the highest Treason] was this *Rhoxenors* revenge for *Sophronias* deniall, to prostitute her immaculate Chastity, to his rapide Luxury, conspiring with that Hell-bound *Cheribxert*, to ruine her life and fame, and in her, my name and honour.

This I Prognosticated (quoth *Pallante*) and durst have divulged it, though I could not desert the severall circumstances, according as you have heard them narrated.

Oh (quoth *Amandus*) can *Rhoxenor* be so treacherous, he that was once so excellently good, now so diabolically vicious; Heaven knows where they have disposed my soules life, and the glory of her Sex, the vertuous *Sophronia*; but I procrastinate the time too long, dares *Pallante* swear to joyn with his friend, in a noble and just revenge.

F

Dares

Dares (quoth *Pallante*) you wrong your own judgement and my fidellity; if you are master of one anxious thought; were I to follow thee (like another *Theſeus* with his *Hercules*) to the black and dismall shades of *Dis*; or (with *Orestes* and his other selfe) to give and receive Death, we falling by mutuall wounds, to put a period to our terrestiall terrors, *Amandus* should finde me every way pliable to his own wish.

Spoke like a true friend (quoth *Amandus*) and then kneeling down (*Pallante* accompanying him) he drew forth his Sword, and laying their hands upon the Weapon [like another *Brutus*, and *Collatine*] they joyntly Swore.

Never to permit the closure of their eyes, till they had wiped away *Sophonias* staine, with Spunges, made of the hearts of *Rhoxenor* and *Cheriberr*.

So kissing the Hilts, they arose, of whom read more in the following Chapter.

Chap.



## C H A P. V

*Amandus kills Rhoxenör, the manner thereof; he and Pallante escape.*

**I**T was somewhat late in the evening, when *Flavia* made her escape to *Amandus*, and therefore it was unknown, whither she had conveyed her self; though *Cheribrent* had sent Inquisitors all about the City; and being conscious of his own guilt, and timorous, that *Flavia* had discovered all she knew, he resolved to steale forth the City that night, only himself and one Servant, on horseback, taking with him, store of Gold and Treasure (the occasion of his after ruine,) where I leave him to the horror of his own thoughts, and return to *Amandus* and *Pallante*.

Who imagining (as indeed it was) that (perhaps) *Flavia* was not noted (because of

the darknesse of the night) to take her journey to them, they resolved to bury her privately (which they did, throwing her into a deep Well, near adjacent to the house) and to take no notice (for the present) of her discovery, till they should finde opportune admittance to *Rhoxenors* person.

That night they passed away, discussing on various Subjects, sometimes wondering at *Rhoxenors* pravity, another time plotting, how they might inflame *Sophronia*; but *Auroxa* appearing [in the Horizon, with her purple hair hanging about her eares, which she was soon forced to seclude, under an azure cawle, for fear *Sol* should singe them with his beams] they both armed themselves; *Amandus* commanding his Caroach to be fitted (with his friend) entred therein, commanding the Chariot driver, to direct his way towards the Pallace.

There arived, they disburthened the Caroach of their persons, and walking on foot to the Pallace Gate, the Guard (knowing them to be Personages eminently

nently gracious in the Kings eye ) gave them free admittance.

So they passed forwards , towards *Rhoxenors* lodgings with like facility , all offering them conduct, till they came even to *Rhoxenors* Chamber , who the day before (O the fatalliey , that governes some mens actions ) had been guilty of that, which he never before was noted for, *viz.* excessive tipling , which he had so profoundly plyed, that he was conveyed to his Pallace (the night before) in a drunken dreame , to which stupidity , he was yet vassalized ; *Amandus* ( presuming on his owne eminent familiarity with the Prince ) comes to the Chamber doore, demanding entrance , the Chamberlain wondered at such an unwonted demand ( more Ceremonies usually observed , ere the Prince was to be spoke withall ) demanded who was there.

'Tis I (quoth *Amandus* ) and my friend *Pallante* , who desire permission to speak with the Prince, about important businesse.

The Chamberlain ( knowing *Amandus*

voyce) opened the door, and *Amandus* and *Pallante* entring in, the Chamberlain (to shew himselfe too obsequiously officious, as not daring to prie into their privities) left the room, and so (as it happened) saved his life.

*Amandus* (perceiving *Rhoxenor* asleep) at his entrance used these words to *Pallante*.

See (quoth he) how supinely this perfidious Prince sleeps, who could imagine this beautifull Image, included such an ugly Feind within it? I will kill him thus sleeping, and send his leprous soul to Hell, ere *Pluto* expect it.

By no meanes (quoth *Pallante*) let his own tongue first doom him, ere you give him his passe for the other world.

With that *Amandus* indeavoured to awake him, crying, my Lord, my Lord, the Prince.

*Rhoxenor* opening his eyes, and beholding *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, by his Beds side, a strange & unwonted feare seized on him (as if by instinct he had known their intents) but he would not seem to be amazed,

zed, and therefore replied.

Noble *Amandus*, worthy *Pallante*, welcome, what businesse more then ordinary, hath brought you hither, so early in the morning?

Your highnesse (quoth *Amandus*) errs in the computation of time, for the Sunne hath already measured almost a thousand leagues; the reason of my abrupt approach, is occasioned by a Dream I had this night, concerning *Sophronia*.

*Sophronia* (quoth *Rhoxenor*) let the name of that Purple Strumpet be lost to your memory; I wonder you are so slow to bring her to condigne punishment.

Oh the Devil (quoth *Amandus*) dost thou hear this *Pallante*, and with that word pulling a Dagger out of his pocket, thou staine to the Stock of Kings (quoth he) the hand of Truth hath puld of thy Vizard, I am acquainted with thy clandestine projections, with that villain *Cheribrert*, I know thy attempting *Sophronias* Chastity, her deniall, and thy ignoble revenge.

And with that word he stabd the Poniard up the hilts in his short ribs, which wounded him greiviously but not deadly.

Oh hold thy hand ( quoth *Rhoxenor* ) I confesse I have been (as thou thy self art at present) to much a slave to my passions, and have indeavoured the ruine of the most noble Lady in the world.

For which (quoth *Amundus*) I thus sacrifice thee on the Altar of revenge (no other way visible furing with my intents) and therewith again stabbed him with his Poniard, through the throat, which occasioned an egression of all the breath in his body, so that after a little struggling, he became loulasse.

By this time the Chamberlain was returning, to know the Princes pleasure, in order to his Apparell for that day, coming to the door, & perceiving *Amundus*, his face besprinkled, and his hands bedewed with blood, he took a large leap backward, more then twenty paces, crying, *Treason, Treason, Treason, the Prince is murtherd, the Prince is murtherd*: whereat the Kings Guard, in great astonishment, drawing

drawing their swords, came towards *Rhexenor's* lodgings, and were encountred halfe way by *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, with their weapons drawne, the Guard not doubting to make prize of their persons, cryed out to them to yeld themselves, but were soone taught to know, that *Desperate men*, goe doubly *Arm'd*: Some had their hands, others their legs, and some their noses pared away; others lay vomiting out their heart blouds; none, but either disabled by wounds, or by death.

So that *Amandus* and *Pallante*, had time to make their escape into the City, where arrived, *Amandus* cryed all the way, *Those that love me, follow me*. The people, (who entirely affected him) arming themselves, followed him in heaps. *Venantius*, and *Palladius*, (as luck was, not having yet made riddance of their lately received *Arrears*) were tipling in a *Taverne*, and hearing the noise of the people, and espying *Amandus* all bloudy) with his sword drawne, waited on by an armed multitude, they began to sing psalms to the blind *Goddesse*, *Fortune*, and the

the great Sword-man, *Mars*, that once again they were like to have employment in the heart of their native Countrey; and thrusting themselves into the midst of the prease, they proflered their service to *Amandus*, who kindly accepted them; with whom I leave them, and returne to the body of dead *Rhoxenor*.

## CHAP. VI.

*The Confusion of the Court and City, upon the Rumour of Rhoxenors Death. Lucinda dies (with grieve) over her dead Sonne. The City being divided, the one part for Amandus; the other for Clodomir; there happeneth a soure Skirmish. Amandus, and Pallante, taking an Arme of the Sea, recover the Kingdome of Polonia.*



Uch a confused clamour as men make when eager fire hath fallen upon many Fabricks at once, in some populous City, *Mulciber* challenging



lenging the Heavens ; or such a Tragick  
 tone, as the Inhabitants of some besieged  
 Town accord in, when their Furious E-  
 nemies are already entred their Chiefe  
 Fort ; Slaughter, and Rapine, Revelling  
 in each corner : Such, and no other, was  
 the wild Alarme given throughout the  
 Court, and City, men mingled together  
 in multitudes, but the more part knew not  
 wherefore they were met together, the  
 Courtiers being afraid every man of his  
 fellow, and the Citizens expecting every  
 minute to be buried in their own ruines.

Newes being brought to *Clodomer* and  
*Lucinda*, of the murder of their Sonne,  
 (by their Generall *Amandus* hand) Grief,  
 and Wonder (like two contrary winds  
 striving for Sovereignty) a long time  
 maintained a Civil War within them; but  
 at length, Griefe got the upper hand, and  
 so prevailed over their Senses, that for  
 some minutes, their tongues wanted the  
 use of their Creation; but at length, re-  
 covering themselves, (like another di-  
 stressed *Priam*, with his forlorne *Hecuba*)  
 they set forward, to visit their dead Son,  
 whom

whom when they beheld, what griping pangs their hearts endured, only those can imagine, whom Fate hath exposed to the like affliction. *Clodomer* could not speak for weeping; but *Lucinda*, falling upon her dead Sonne, tore her haire, bathing his bloody wounds, with briny drops, making this pitifull complaint over him.

*Ah my deare Sonne (said she) is this the fulfilling of that expectation, my Selfe, thy Father, and all Lombardy had cause to have of thee? Could the cruell Destinies finde no other subject whereon to practice their Tyranny, save thee? Poore Lucinda! why did Lucina (pitying thy pangs) propitiously ayd thee, for the production of a Son, predestinated to so direfull an exit?*

She would have said more, but the greatnesse of her grief, at once bereft her, both of speech, and life; so that she fell down dead by her murdered Son.

This to behold, so exasperated the King *Clodomer*, that like one bereft of his wits, he ran raving up and down the City, beseeching his subjects to take pity on their distressed Sovereigne, and unanimously to ayd

ayd him, in the discovery of *Amandus* and *Pallante*, who had at once bereft them of a most hopefull Prince, and a gracious Queen.

It was not long ere he had levied a Power, which he put under the command of *Lucius*, and *Pamelus*, (sometimes renowned Captaines, though now by reason of their Age, they affected privacie) who marshalling his Forces, marched towards *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, who, with their handfull of men, had intrenched themselves on a plaine, three Leagues distant from the City: The King himselfe (resolving to fight in person leading them on as their chief Guide, and Captain.

*Amandus* perceiving their approach, resolved to give them Battell, and disposed his Forces accordingly.

Both Armies being now so neare one another, that they might easily heare the disputes passing on both sides, the King chusing a piece of ground, by nature elevated above the rest of the continent, so that he might see (and be seen) of his whole Army, began to say as followeth.

**I** Dare be confident, that none of my loyall Subjects here, who (according to their duties) are congregated with me, for the captivating, and punishing the treacherous, bloody-minded Amandus, and his trayterous Associate, Pallante; but are able and willing to attest, with what Gentlenesse, and Paternall care (as becommeth the Father of his Countrey) I have hitherto governed them: As also, what an hopefull Printe, and what promising Vertues were obvious in my Son Rhoxenor; and that my Queen, Lucinda, excelled all former Queenes, for the Love, and affectionate Zeale she demonstrated to me, her King, and Husband, and to the Subjects of this Nation; both which, are made away by meanes of the afore-mentioned Traytors. Therefore, I shall not endeavour with elaborate oratory (my loyall Subjects) to kindle courage in your hearts, or to make you sensible, that (besides the losse) great, and infinite shame, not to be expiated by any after performances, will brand us all with the deepest tincture of infamy, unlesse we take just (but severe vengeance) on these sanguine homicides. Not doubting there-  
fore

fore of your courage in so good a cause, goe on, and may Heaven crown your attempts with Victory.

Neither was *Amandus* slack to encourage his men, but standing in the midst of them, made this Oration.

My fellow Subjects,

**V**Hom Love to wronged *Amandus*;  
(and in him to Justice, and Honour)  
hath invited to hazard your Lives and Fortunes; be confident, that I desire not War, or have requested your Ayd, for the Vindication of any private grudge, or sinister ends of mine owne, but meerly for the preservation of my own Person, and your Rights; both which (unlesse defensive armes prevent it) are like to be swallowed up, in that bottomlesse gulfe of Kingly Prerogative, and Arbitrary Power. It is not unknown to you (I am sure) with what faithfulness I have ever served this faithlesse King; how often I have brought him home conquest, putting the necks of his enemies under his feet: And is it my reward, to have her, whom I love dearer then my life, (whose Vertues are so  
splendid

splendid, that envy it self cannot fully them) thrown into a nasty Galle, and branded with the ignominious Epithites of Whore, and Strumpet, and all, because she denied to satiate Rhexenors beastly Lust, whom Justice, and not my hand, hath sent to the other World. If this be tolerated, not one of you here present, shall claime the least propriety in her whom he affecteth. Time will not permit me to dilate my self, suffice, you fight with me in a just and righteous cause; the truth whereof, I hope your swords will prove, (though your enemies treble you in number) On then courageously in the name of Heaven.

Having finished this Oration, he led on his Army to joyn Battell with the Kings, dividing them (being all foot) into foure Battailes: The first, himself guided; the second, *Pallante* took charge of; and the third, and fourth, followed *Venantius*, and *Palladius*.

*Clodomer* ordered his Army (after the old Roman manner) in the fashion of an half-moone; the hornes whereof, were managed by *Lucius*, and *Ramelius*, and the main Body, by himself.

Both

Amandus and Sophronia.

89  
98

Both Armies joyning, it was *Amandus* hap to encounter *Lucius*, and *Pallante*, *Pamelius*; all (save the King, being on foot on both sides, for the suddenesse of the action would not permit the mounting of men, or to observe the method of martiall Discipline.) *Amandus* had soon made an end of *Lucius*, cleaving his head, that his brains dropt out at his feet; and *Pallante* had given *Pamelius* so deadly a blow on the face, that he cut his jawes clean in sunder. The King *Clodomer* shewed himself very valiant, with his own hands having killed *Venantius*, and *Palladius*, and massacred above an hundred of the vulgar sort, while *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, mowed down all before them, so that their hands were weary of the work of death, their weapons were drunk with blood, and their bodies were burdened with blood and sweat; so that, notwithstanding their forces were clean cut in peices, (being raw, unexperienced souldiers, meere Citizens, who till now had never been accustomed to the rigour of War) they had, by their single valours, vanquished the Kings forces,

G

ces, and taken himselfe Prisoner, had not an huge multitude (from the City) appeared to his reliefe, armed with prongs, pitchforks, and bils, who come on so furiously, that it was impossible, (and had been madnesse) to oppose them : And therefore (overpowred with numbers) *Amandus* having even then encountred *Clodomer* on foot, and forced him to forsake his horse (who was presently protected by those about him) leapt into the Saddle, taking *Pallante* up behind him, being forced (on a desperate adventure) to take an Arm of the Sea, and swam over, to a part of that continent belonging to the King of *Polonia* ; and *Clodomer* having gained this bloody Victory, returned (with those of his Army, whom the late conflict had spared, to the Citie.



THE LOVES OF  
**AMANDVS**  
 AND  
**SOPHRONIA.**

*The Third Book.*

CHAP. I.

Rhoxenor, and Lucinda, are sumptuously  
*Interr'd.* Alphonſus (King of Poland)  
*refuſeth to deliver up the perſons of A-*  
*mandus, and Pallante.* Sophronia,  
*brought to her Triall, is acquitted.* Clo-  
 domer loves her.



*C*lodomer, having thus vanquiſh-  
 ed, but (to his great vexation)  
 not captivated his enemies,  
 cladding himſelfe in purple,  
 (as the manner of Kings is to mourne)

and commanding his whole Court to put on Sables, caused his Sonne, and Queen, to be embalmed, by the Skill of his ablest Physitians, who involved them in lead, the King causing two Stately Tombs to be erected (of the purest *Pharian* Stone) framed by the hands of cunning Architects, who adorned them so sumptuously, that either of them equalled *Mausoleus* his Sepulcher, (reputed one of the wonders of the World) in the Cathedral Church, dedicated to the memory of St. *Sebastiana*, and *Albovino*, (two ancient famous Kings of that Countrey) which having finished, he dispatched Embassadors to *Alphonsus*, King of *Poland*, to let him know, that he harboured his deep enemies, *viç. Amandus*, and *Pallante*, Traytors to his Crown and Dignity, whose persons (as he tendred the perpetuity of the Amity betwixt the two Crowns of *Lombardie*, and *Poland*) he willed him to deliver up to condigne punishment.

But *Alphonsus*, retaining a noble temper, (knowing *Amandus* to be a man every way accomplished, and sensible of the wrongs

wrongs offered by *Rhoxenor*, (the perpetration whereof, had occasioned his death, and *Amandus* Infortunity) permitted *Amandus*, and *Pallante* lest the protecting of their persons might draw a war upon him) to depart his Kingdome without molestation, furnishing them with horses, and Arms, and all things befitting the use of such Knights of Fame.

But *Clodomer*, finding he could not get their persons into his hands, resolved (like another salvage *Neoptolemus*, who Sacrificed an Innocent Princeesse on his Fathers grave) to be revenged on *Sophronia*, (*Amandus* Mistresse, and for his sake imprisoned) for his Sons death; and therefore he appointed a day, when (accompanied with all his Nobles) he would cause her to be brought as a Delinquent, and proceeded against as a Strumpet, to publick censure.

And therefore he caused many Scaffolds to be erected in the Pallace yard, with a Seat of Judicature for himselfe, and his Peers; where comming (with those whom he had nominated for her Judges) he commanded her to be guarded from prison,

thither, as the place appointed for her trial.

The most vertuous *Sophronia*, having newes brought her the night before, that she was to prepare her self against the morrow, to plead before the King, and Councell, was not a whit daunted thereat, (so great courage doth *Innocencie* inject, and so strongly are those fortified against mundane calamities, whose soules assure them they are falsely calumniated) but attired her selfe all in black, with a veile of the same colour cast over her head, which habit was so far from eclipsing, that it added to her excellent Splendor; as Diamonds set in Jet, are not a whit darkned; nor doth the Topaz lose its Lustre, though set in lead.

In this manner, she set forward with her Guard, (never was so sweet a prisoner brought to the Bar, a thousand *Cupids* (though unseen) waited on her all the way; *Venus* her self wept, and the Graces, condoled her afflictions, in sanguine teares; the people thronging in heapes to see her, yet amongst that multitude, not a dry eye: Such a silent mourning as the *Grecians* practised, when they beheld *Agamemnons* daughter,

daughter, faire *Iphigenia*, in funerall attire, standing at the Altar, ready to be Sacrificed to *Æolus*, was heard amongst this people; every one assailing her Innocencie, and bewailing her misery.

Comming to the place appointed, she was placed at the Bar, where turning up her veile, and discovering her rare Beauty, which was so celestially splendid, that it cast a light round about her, (all mens eies being fixed upon her, as if some shaghair'd Comet had thrust forth his head in the Hemisphere.) The King was exceedingly ravished to behold her, the fire of love burnt about his heart, by degrees corroborating more and more, till it became one flaming lump of flesh; his colour went and came, a kind of trembling seized upon all his body: But disguising his passions as well as he could, he commanded her Charge to be read, which contained these two Heads;

1. *That she had been guilty of Incontinencie with Lord Cheribreerts Groome, being taken in the very act of shame.*

2. *That she had plotted, and conspired*

with Amandus, and Pallante, ( Capitall Traytors and guilty of the horrid murther (positively) of Prince Rhoxenor, ( consequently ) of the Queen Lucinda, and ( probably ) of Lord Cheribrert ) for the perpetration and performance, of the aforesaid treasonable, devillish, and unparell'd crimes.

To this, after a little pause ( making obedience to the King and Counsell ) she answered.

That I may not be condemned as a Mute, and because the Party silent, is thought to assent to what ever is proposed; I wil briefly, though sincerely, make my defence in the presence of the high Immortall Truth, and this Assembly, else I could have been contented to have suffered in silence, assuring my selfe, that before the Judge of Soules I appear immaculately Innocent.

My conversation from my Infancy, till of late months ( assure my selfe ) is not unknown to many here; I have indeavoured alwaies, to accrew an unspotted Fame, and ( I doubt not ) had retained the same, to this very minute, had it not thus happened.

Here she surveyed the Counsell ( and being

being ignorant of what had lately happened) not seeing *Rhoxenor* there, demanded that he might be brought before her, face to face.

To which the King, though his thoughts told him she was innocent) returned answer.

*That her pollicy could not wipe away her guilt, she knew, that Rhoxenor (as she had plotted with the cursed Traytor Amandus) was cruelly murdered.*

To which (with a sober smile) she answered.

*Be it knowne unto all here, that Lord Amandus, being absent in the wars, against the Girpids, in the defence of his Country (unto whom I acknowledge my selfe affianced) the Prince Rhoxenor, finding that all his perswasive allurements were to weak, to remove my firme fixed constancy (conspiring with Lord Cheribrent, a man superlatively wicked) by a treacherous wile [having corrupted the faith of my waiting-woman Flavia] hath wrought the present ruine of my fame and honour (by Flavias aide) they one night entred my Chamber (my self fast*

fast asleep) bringing with them, a fellow (whom they had suborned for that purpose) who entered my Bed, which he had no sooner done, but Rhoxenor and Cheribrert (as before they had plotted) with loud cries awaked me, upbraiding me with lewdnesse, and terming me the blot, and stain of all Ladies in the world.

And lest the fellow (moved with remorse or otherwise) should reveale their cursed complot, Cheribrert with his own hands, immediately stab'd his hireling to the heart.

Rhoxenor having wrought this villany, so wrought, that I was committed (as a vile person) to Castle Angellina, where I have ever since resided.

For the murder of Rhoxenor, Lucinda, and Cheribrert (if it be so, which Heaven forbid) the straitnesse of my restraint, none having been suffered to come near me, save my Keeper, since my restriction, may plead my innocency in that matter.

This Sophronia uttered with a very audible voice, and having finished, the people gave a shout, crying, *She is innocent, she is innocent*; which also was the sense of the




the whole Counsell, *Clodomer* himself (though he seemed otherwise) being glad of it, for he was extreemly in love with her.

The Court rising, *Sophronia* ( by the Kings command ) was conducted to the Pallace, of whom more hereafter.

## CHAP. II

*The dreadfull end of Cheribrert. Amandus and Pallante, leaving Poland [ being bound for Venice ] by an angry Storme, are forced on the coasts of Grecia ( the Ship and all else swallowed in the Waves ) they save themselves by swimming, and arrive on the Flowry Iland.*

 Ow it is high time that I made mention, what became of *Cheribrert*, after his deserting *Verona* ( as you have heard ) by night, accompanied only with one Servant.

He had not travailed many miles, intending to take his journey, to the uttermost borders of the Kingdom of *Lombardy*,

*dy*, and so take shipping for *Spaine*, but a crew of Robbers, who subsisted by spoile and rapine, set upon him (imagining to finde, as indeed they did, a good booty) plundering him of all his Gold and Treasure, and stripping him, and his Servitor (who making some resistance was slain) to the bare Skins.

Being brought to this miserable exegency (inflicted upon him by divine vengeance) he began to think of his many damnable crimes (yet so, as he not repented of them) and to curse the houre, that ever he ingaged himself (with *Rhoxenor*) to injure the vertuous *Sophronia*; he would have cast his eyes up to heaven, and have implored the remission of his charnell contrivances, but he dispaired of attaining audience, at the eares of the incensed Diety, and therefore sitting him down upon the earth, he began to wish, that a thunderbold from Heaven might pash him in peeces, or the earth open and receive him, when he might hear an hollow murmuring voyce, sing him this summons.

Orcus

Orcus jawnes, the furies yell,  
Descend accursed Soul to Hell;  
Earth hates, thy loathed Trunk to have,  
The Wombs of Wolves shall be thy Grave.  
Let all take warning, by thy Fate,  
How they thy crimes, doe perpetrate.

This infernall Invitation, so much amazed him, that he would fain have slain himself, but wanted fit meanes to accomplish it, and therefore the reprobate wretch, with his own nails, began to tear, and rend the ground, intending to dig his own grave; when (as if sent by some avenging Diety) a crew of ravenous Wolves came running upon him, and tearing him all in peices, buried his loathed body in their hungry mawes: a dreadfull end, worthy so devillish a wretch.

And now since we have rambled so farre from *Verona*, let us speak a little of the noble Knights, *Amandus* and *Pallante*, who having left the Kingdome of *Poland*, imbarqued themselves in a Ship bound for *Venice* (where *Pallante* had an Uncle,  
namd

named *D' Francisco Mendoza*, a famous Sennatour of that renowned City) intending to reside there for a time in private (though they would not have found it easie, so to have done, *Amandus* acts having made him so renownedly famous, throughout *Europe*) and to wait with patience a while, to see what end, Fortune would put to her own pranks.

They had not sailed farre from the Port, but the Winds began to blow very eagerly, the Marriners hoysed all their Sailes a trip, imagining to have found certainty, amidst the uncertain Waves, when the Skies on a sudden, were obscured, with black and pitchie Clouds; *Eurus* whispering sad tales in the Sea-mens eares; from the *Altamick* Ocean came *Notus*, bringing with him Thunder and Lightning, when to encounter him, out flies *Boreas*, bearing Stormes, and Tempests on his wings, the high wrought Seas, fronted the Skies, wrapping their liequid curles in the clouds, no Sunne, nor Moon, or Starres appearing, so that had *Palinurus* self been Pilot, he could not have  
steer'd

steer'd aright ; the furious waves, rushing together with imbatled power, plow large furrowes in the sides of the Ship ; the boystrous billowes, invade, and passe over her hatches, dashing her against the Rocks ; nor could all their pumping prevail, but that each man stood up to the knees in water, the passengers all crying to heaven for help, in such dolefull manner, that it would have compelled an heart of flint to compassionate them, while the Ship (droven by furious winds many thousand leagues) was forced on the Coast of *Grecia*.

But *Amandus* found not so great toile without, as he found terrour within ; his heart beat louder Alarms then the angry Seas, when he thought upon his dear *Sophronia*, imagining this punishment was sent from Heaven for his sake, for that he forsook *Verona*, ere he attempted to infranchise the person of his dearly loved Lady.

*Oh Sophronia* (said he) *who knows what miserie thou endurest for my sake ! Clodomer will not faile to shed thy innocent blood,*

in revenge of his wicked Sonne, whom I justly slew. Ah, unfortunate Lovers! thou (I feare) art snatch'd away already, by the hand of violence, upon the Land; and I (by destiny drowen) must, ere long, perish in this barbarous element.

Pallante endeavoured all he could to comfort him. But (quoth he) it is no time now, to practice a lovers passion, when we expect every minute to become a prey to the devouring waves.

By this time the waves came in so fast, hat the Ship began to sink; and the Master, and Pilot, seeing there was no hope, let downe the cock-boat into the Seas, intending (with *Amandus* and *Pallante* on-ly) to trust to the mercy of the watry element, in that diminutive vessell: But so numerous and eagre, were those perishing passengers in the sinking Ship, (every one desirous to preserve his life) that though they endeavoured to hinder their approach with their swords drawn, they could not, but that the little Skiffe, being overcharged with numbers, chose rather to be choaked with the salt Seas, then harbour such mercilesse oppressors. But

But *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, (being well skilled in swimming) perished not amongst the rest, but bore up above water, making way with their hands and feet, (while *Neptune* with all his *Tritons* gazed upon them, imagining, another *Melicerta*, with *Saron* accompanied, had divided the dusky waves) not ceasing to brush the blue billowes, till at length they espied a very faire harbour, situate between two Rocks, neere adjacent to a very pleasant Island, where grew (in seemly ranks) great store of pleasant trees, laden with fruit; the ground being garnished (like another *Tempe*) with all sorts of fragrant flowers, *Zephire* seeming continually to breath upon them; but no house, or humane substance could they view: To this delectable Paradiſe they directed themselves, comming on shoare exceeding faint, and weary, of whom more hereafter.

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## C H A P. III.

*The King (being exceedingly enamoured on Sophronia: would faine seem youthfull, making himself monstrously ridiculous. His courting of Sophronia. He invites her (hoping to enjoy her) to Ziva. She kills him there, and escapeth.*

**Y**OU heard before, that King Clodomer was become a subject to Cupids Sovereignty, (notwithstanding his late losse) to whose Deity he was now so obsequiously devoted, that (hoping thereby to appear amiable in Sophronia's eyes) he cast off all former gravity, befitting the estate, and Majesty of a King, apparrelling himselfe in youthfull habit, shaving away his beard to the very stumps, and poudering those hoary haire on his Scalp abundantly, that they might seem whitened by Art, and not by Nature; moreover, he put a silver hilted rapier by his side, and to his band-strings



strings he annexed rings of severall forms, deco-  
red with stones of various hewes; and (that nothing might be wanting to  
make him every way extraordinary) he  
often exercised his *Genius*, in ruthfull  
Rimes, melancholy Madrigals, and dole-  
full Ditties, bewailing the cruelty of *Cu-  
pid*; that fit over, he compiled many  
horrible Hymns, in the praise of his Mi-  
stresse Celestiall Feature.

*The brightness of her Haire, the highness  
of her Forehead, the neatnesse of her Nose,  
the handsomnesse of her Hand, the finenesse  
of her Foot, and the gravitie of her gesture.*

But this fantastick dotage of *Clodomer*,  
was no whit pleasing to his Lords, nor  
was it well resented by the vulgar (*who  
are ever for the most part, glad of all occa-  
sions, that may warrant them to think mean-  
ly of their Superiors*) some saying he was  
mad; others, that he was a foole; others,  
that he was no longer fit to govern.

But *Clodomer*, (though he were suffici-  
ently sensible of the various whisperings,  
and repinings against him) was so wed-  
ded to his fancie, that he could as easily

cease to be mortall, as cease to be a Lover, yet all this while he made no discovery to *Sophronia*, only some amorous glances often banquetting with her, and sometimes griping her moist palme; appointing her lodgings neere his owne, where she was attended, as she had been the greatest Princeesse in the World.

*Sophronia* perceived ( well enough ) what wind filled the Kings Sayles, but took not the least notice thereof, ever appearing disconsolate, pensive, and desirous of solitude. *Clodomer* would fain have had men to have thought that he afforded *Sophronia* such accommodation, meerly out of love to her inherent vertues, and eminent worth, and not as desirous to winne her to his embraces: But now, being resolved to languish no longer, but to break the matter unto her (after banquetting, as was his usuall manner) he led her alone with him into the Privy Garden, where he thus solicited her.

Madam,

Madam,

**I** Am sensible, it cannot but seeme more strange to you, then an Africk monster, hat I, who (by reason of my wrongs) am an implacable enemie to Amandus, whose mandate hath imprisoned you so many weeks, and whose rage would have bereft you of life, should implore your smiles [aged as I am] and be solicitous to winne your love; but such is the all-commanding power of Venus Sonne, that except I may enjoy your sweet society, (though a King) I am the most miserable wretch under the Cope; nor can I despair, but the softnesse of your temper, (considering the worth of my proffer) will prompt you to embrace that candidly, which is by me proposed fervently.

Sophronia having heard him, burst forth into a great laughter.

I see (quoth she) that Letchery (like the plague) takes in a bloud; though Rhoxenors Syre (Sir) you are his heire (I mean to his affections) the truth is (speaking far from heart) I am obliged, Royal (Sir) to  
H 3 you,

you, in all the bonds of love, and gratitude; and (since I see *Amandus* slights me) shall prostrate all is mine to be disposed of at your pleasure.

*Clodomer* was so over-joyed to heare this, that (sure if he had not lost them long before, he had now forfeited his wits; but taking her about the waste, he so embraced her, and beslavered her, that the pennance she endured then, was worse then the imprisonment she lately suffered. *Clodomer* imagined all Cock-sure now, and after many assurances of his fidelity, and entire affection, he besought her, that they two, with one *Castil*, his creature, (a slave that for pence would have prostituted his owne mother, or wife) might take their journey in a close Chariot, to a Village some five leagues from *Verona*, named *Ziva*, and there (quoth he) we may have opportune occasion, to take the full fruition of our loves.

*Sophronia*, though she hated his person, more then poison; and his love, worse then *Lucifer*; yet consented to accompany him, which was performed the next morning accordingly. The

Amandus and Sophrone

The chaste Lady being put upon this peril, (which she accepted, knowing it was in vain for her to withstand *Clodomers* power) who, in case she had given him a denial, [would have procured her certain ruine] had conveyed that morning into her tresses, her bodkin, which (to avoyd suspicion) she had folded up in her curles, over which she cast a white veile.

Arrived at *Ziva*, they were received at a Countrey Farmers house (whom *Castril* had prepared before hand for that purpose) where entring the best chamber that Graunge afforded, after a repast with wine, and junkets, so hasty was *Clodomer* to have his bane, that he would needs anticipate the approaching night, (like another *Heliogablibus*, who made day his night, and night his day) the Sun having yet scarce attained his altitude.

The chaste *Sophrone* (whose heart hung heavy on its strings) (seeming) [willingly to yield her assent] the King [having sent *Castril* to *Verona*, with a command to wait on him towards night] entred the baleful bed, *Sophrone* accompanying him,

where he soon began to shew himself very active ; but *Sophronia* ( pulling the bodkin out of her haire ) with a ghastly look , and a troubled voice, rising up , uttered these words.

*Canst thou think , thou foolish Tyrant , that what I denied thy wicked Son, I will afford thy villanous self , and that I dare yield up that Fort to thy feeble use , which all the Warriours in the World (Amandus excepted) can never conquer.*

[*Clodomer* would have called out for help, but he was so amazed at the suddenesse of this unexpected carriage from his Mistresse, that he became lost to speech] and having said this, also adding ;

*Bear witness, thou Supream ever-living Power , that I am forced to this outrageous Act, for the preservation of my chaste Honour, she stabbed him to the heart , who struggling to arise , she againe lodged her bodkin in his brest , which prevented his arisall, and dismissed his soule.*

Having done this dreadfull deed , she threw the bed cloathes cleane over him, and locking the doore , and taking the key

key with her, she departed; of whom more ere long.

*Sol* driving his Carre towards the Antipodes, and night arising in sullen mists, *Castril*, (according to the Kings command) arriving where he left his Master, finding the doore lockt, imagined the King had not yet enough of sport, and therefore he went and walked for the space of two houres, in a neighbouring Grove; returning againe, and finding the doore as he left it, he began to call, saying, *My Lord, My Lord*, but receiving no answer, he grew extreamly perplexed, and began to doubt some danger, and therefore he resolved to force open the doore, which he did; entring, and approaching the bed, seeing the curtaines decently drawne, and the cloathes stretched at full length, he began to think, the King, and his Mistressse, being tyred with active recreation, might be both sound asleep, and began to curse his hasty intrusion; but drawing nearer, he perceived the Kings countenance very much altered, of a pale, ashy, and bloudlesse hew, and turning downe  
the

the cloaths, he beheld him almost covered in his own gore, having two wounds, the one on his side, the other betwixt his paps; whereat he flung out of the room (like a man distracted) tearing his haire, and scratching his face, crying, Treason, Treason.

But of the issue of this, read more hereafter, for I must now returne to *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, whom we left in the Flowry Island.

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## CHAP. IV.

*The description of the Flowry Island. Amandus and Pallante (having resolved Agenors Riddle) are received, and entertained by him, in his Castle.*



Have inform'd you, that the noble Knights, *Amandus*, and *Pallante* (by miraculous supportance) escaped the danger of drowning, and that (with great difficulty) they at length arrived on a very fertile Continent.

The



The Species of things appeared so glorious round about them, that they were warranted to think they had lighted upon that *Eden* which *Adam* lost, but they wondred they found no Inhabitants, assuring themselves, that so happy a place could not be devoid of those who were appointed to enjoy those benefits, that nature (who doth nothing in vain) had there prodigally bestowed.

Having gathered some grapes, dates, oranges, and pomgranates, (plenteously produced in that plat of ground) they sat them down under an Almond tree, and (as well as their weaknesse would permit) began to refresh themselves with those excellent fruits.

It was now twilight, neither day, nor night; they had not sate long, but they might espie a comely Knight, mounted upon a stately Steed, clad in the habit of a Grecian, (for indeed that Island was part of *Grecia*) a great company following him, on horse-back, (all seeming men of worth and quality) who with *Agenor*, (for so was the Knight called) had been  
 hunting

hunting of the Badger, who espying two men naked (with fruits beforethem) under a tree, imagined (as indeed it was) that they were shipwrack'd on that Coast.

*Amandus, was tall of Stature, big of limbs, of a sterne (yet pleasing) countenance.*

*Pallante, something lower, not so well set, yet of a more feminine aspect.*

Their persons (though naked) gave *Agenor* cause to think, that they were above the degree of common men, and pitying their calamitous condition, he alone rode up to them, enquiring of *Amandus* (who understood the Greek tongue very well, being a man excellently learned) what accident had exposed him (and his associate) to such a direfull distresse; *Amandus* returned him answer.

That they were Knights of the Kingdome of *Polonia*, (for he would not discover his capacity, and condition) and being bound for *Spaine*, by the wilfulnesse of the winds, had their Ship swallowed in the mercilesse waves, and themselves forced (swimming for their lives) upon that Continent; adding, that he had a hope, they

they were throwne among a people, who were acquainted with Civility, and knew how to be hospitable.

Feare not (said *Agenor*) but I will so provide, that you shall have entertainment, befitting Knights of worth, (such as in my esteem you are) only I feare I shall not be able to afford you the courtesie I would, for that by a Law, ratified by my Predecessors, none may have the entertainment due to adventurous Knights, in my Castle, but such as can unfold the Riddle that shall be proposed to them.

At this, *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, greatly wondred, *Amandus* desiring him to propose his Riddle, for (quoth he) I doubt not but to explain it.

*Apollo* and *Mercury* ayde you (quoth *Agenor*) and so calling his company unto him, he pulled a Schedule out of his pocket (included in a silken bag on which (in capitall letters of gold) was engraven this;

Riddle

## RIDDLE.

*Whats that a faire Lady most of all likes,  
 Yet ever makes shew she least of all seeks;  
 Thats ever embrac'd, and affected by her,  
 Yet is never seen to please, or come nigh her:  
 But a poor mans thing, yet doth richly adorn her,  
 Most serv'd in her night-weeds, does her good in a corner:  
 Most cheap, and most deare, above all worldly pelfe,  
 Is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

To this, *Amandus* (after a little pause)  
 answered;

*Good Fame, is that which a vertuous Lady  
 most of all desires.*

Yet makes it not known that she affects  
 to accrew it.

*It is ever embrac'd and affected by her.*

For she must persevere in vertue, or her  
 Glory dies.

*Serv'd in her night-weeds.*

For Ladies that weare their night-  
 weeds come least abroad.

*But a poore mans thing.*

For many of mean fortune attain to honest  
 Fame.

*Richly adornes her.*

For nothing is more excellent in a woman then vertuous chastity.

*Is hard to get in, and comes out of it selfe.*

'Tis no easie thing, for a Lady so to demean her self, that she shall be esteemed vertuous; but being attained, whether she will or not, she shall be well spoken of.

You are witnesses (quoth *Agenor* to his Associates) that this Knight, in the behalf of himself, and his friend, hath resolved the Riddle. All replying they were,

You are nobly welcome (quoth *Agenor*) to the *Flowry Island*; then dispatched he one of his Train to his Castle, commanding him to bring two suites of Apparell, with their appurtenances, with two horses, the one for *Amandus*, the other for *Pallante*; which being performed, they having cloathed themselves, and being mounted, departed with *Agenor* to his Castle.

## CHAP. V.

*Sophronia, entertained by the Shepherd Crates, and his wife Phillida. The description of his Cottage. Sophronia becoming a Shepherdesse, sings the praise of the Countrey life..*



*Sophronia* (as you heard) having made riddance of her Royall *Remora* (in great feare) travailed so long as her tender limbs were able to beare her delicate body, till at length she arrived neare a large over-growne Wood, whose aspiring branches almost kiss'd the Clouds; towards which, directing her way, she saw where a shepherd was making melody to his fleecie Flock, on his oaten reed, singing this song.

*Thus work we Fortunes discontent,  
To behold our merriment.  
We barmelesse Shepherds do despise  
The anger of the Destenies.*

*That*

Amandus and Sophronia.

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*That which makes the Gown man pine,  
The Souldier curse Wars discipline,  
Begets our solace, no austere  
Phalarian Tyrant is our fear ;  
Secure content, and quiet rest,  
No groanes, or cries of men oppress ;  
Age is no trouble, Death but sleep,  
And we till Death, our vigour keep.*

Sophronia, with great delight, listned  
unto the Shepherds Song, and approach-  
ing near him, the good old man thought  
that some Diety, mask'd in a humane  
form, was making towards him.

Hail gentle Shepherd (quoth *Sophronia*)  
*Silvanus*, *Pryapus*, *Pan*, *Pales*, and all the  
Silvan dieties (and indeed, in naming one,  
I name all) be propitious unto thee and  
thy faire flock ; and heaven (said *Crates*)  
for so was the Shepherd called, give thee  
(faire Lady) the full fruition of all thy  
desires : My present condition (quoth  
*Sophronia*) will not permit me (gentle Sir)  
to be tedious in my oratory, for that I  
expect every minute to be surprised, by  
a barbarous Earle of this Country, from  
I whose

whose hands I have this day escaped ( for the preservation of my chaste honour ) be pleased therefore , to afford me an homely-russet Coat , in exchange , for these gawdy Garments , together with shelter for some few dayes in thy Cottage , till this storme be blown over , and to gratifie thy love , take these Jewels (of sufficient vallue , to make thee Lord of all this champion Country) as my gift.

For your Jewels (quoth *Crates*) I must not , dare not accept of them , *they are the Plague and Poison of honest mindes*, but if my homely Cottage , may be worthy of the acceptance of so divine a creature , command it (Lady) as my self , and all I am master of.

Away went *Sophronia* with *Crates* to his Cottage , which was builded by a bank side , at the root of a Sycamore Tree , whose broad branches quite overshadowed his shallow roffe ; the Cottage it selfe was erected of grasse Turfes , so curiously contrived , that it seemed rather framed by Nature then by Art , being all over of a verdant hew. Entred therein ,  
the



she espied many shelves of Cheeses, and pans of Milke, with large fitches of Bacon; *Phillida* (*Crates* wife) was exceedingly abashed, to behold a creature of such bright beauty, so gloriously appalled, enter her homely habitation, imagining that *Juno*, or *Latona*, had descended from Heaven (*as of old, when the Innocency of Shepherds, made them worthy the Society of the deathlesse Dieties*) to visit their humble dwelling: but *Crates* soon took off her wonder, informing her the occasion of her arrivall; then *Phillida* heartily welcomed her, and spreading a homespun cloth upon an unpolish'd Table, she adorned it with Cream, with Butter, with her choyssest Cheese, and finest Bread, and taking a brown Bowle (borrowed out of the body of an Almond Tree) repleated it brimfull of healthfull Sider, *Crates* and *Phillida* (with many congeis and ducks) proclaiming her welcome.

Having refreshed her selfe with these rurall Cates, she put off her gorgeous habit, and atired her selfe in a Coat of russet-

gray, binding up her golden haire in a packthread Cawle, and putting homely Buskins upon her feet, taking a hook in her hand, she led forth her Sheep day by day, folding them each night, in as seemly a manner, as if she had been *Crates*, not *Almonios* Daughter.

Exceedingly pleased with this rustick life, sitting one day, upon a bank of Flowers, her Flock grazing by her, she sang these verses, in the praise of the country life.

While I the glad and smiling ground doe strew,  
In these most pleasant Groves, whose verdant hew,  
Allure great Pan and Pales here to sport,  
Forgetting quite the pleasures of the Court;  
Resting securely, void of ghastly feare,  
How well were I, were my Amandus here  
No Souldier here doth wipe his Sanguine Blade,  
Made drunk with blood, no Lordling doth invade  
The poor mans House, or Land; no foule Sedition;  
No Edict, Remora, or Inhibition,  
Vexeth my quiet peace, my Flocks I keepe  
Secure, and dreadlesse of all danger sleepe.  
The fruitfull Vine the Poplar i all doth clip,  
W. a bowes his head, sweet Nectar for to sip.  
The lowing Heards, far off I doe behold,  
Feeding on meadows all off burnish'd Gold.  
My head with mellow Apples I adorne,  
And Peares more ruddy then the blushing morne.

When

When Jove forceth his Thunder through the Skie,  
 To empt the store of his Artillery,  
 Into a Grove of Bay I doe retire,  
 And reverence ( not feare ) his noise and fire.  
 O happy country life, thrice blest they are,  
 Who are contented with their household Lare.  
 And wrapt in Goats skins, as securely rest,  
 As those that doe on Tyrian Tansie feast,  
 And sleep on quilted Down Beds, all the Pride  
 Of Norimberge, or Turkey sought to hide,  
 Their glorious nakednesse; oh happy Fate,  
 That still attends the humble Shepherds state.  
 Crownes are compos'd of cares, and Honours be,  
 But the insu'ring Gins of Destinie;  
 The purblind Goddesse takes delight to wrong,  
 None save the rich, the baughty, and the strong:  
 Here without shew of feare, securely I  
 Doe rob the earth of her Embroyderie.  
 The Primrose, Lilly, Calamint are here,  
 The Violet, Pansy, Pagle, and Kings-Speare,  
 Smooth Ladies Smocks, with Hare bells, and the Flower,  
 That cheifly springeth in Adonis Bower;  
 The Myrtle, Spikenard, Gowlands, and the Rose,  
 Sops dipt in Wine, Oxe eye, the lips of Cowes;  
 This is the life thats free from cares, and feare,  
 Oh that my sweet Amandus were but here.

Here leave we *Sophronia*, and look back  
 to *Verona*, and see how the rumor of *Clodo-*  
*mers* death is resented.

*Castrill* having declared the time when,  
 the place where, and by whom *Clodomer*  
 was made away, the Nobles were so farre  
 I 3 from

from deploring that heavie Accident (being now grown weary and ashamed, of *Clodomers* absurd unkingly deportment) that they lift up their hands to heaven, thanking the great power, that had benignly bereaved them of so besotted a Prince ; and the common people (*who are ever delighted with change*) sang Pæans to Providence, that had taken off their burthensome Head, without hurt to the Body politick ; but neither the one nor the other, had any true cause of rejoycing (though *Clodomer* had forfeited the essence of a King, by giving too much scope to his fond loving Lunacie) for the *Girpids* being assured that *Amandus* was wandring about the world, and that King *Clodomer* was dead, resolved to break in peices the yoke of bondage, that *Amandus* had put upon them, and to invade those that had vassalized them.

## C H A P. VI

*The description of Agenors Castle ; he declareth to Amandus, the reason, why he proposed the Riddle, as also, that no Women inhabited there, containing the History of Sinoris, and Eugenia, Agenors Kinsman ariving from Spaine, declares newes very pleasing to Amandus ; he and Pallante (furnished with a Ship, and all other necessaries) set saile for Verona ; the Lombards receive him triumphantly as King. Sophronia (having been much sought after by Amandus) at length discovers her selfe ; the mutuall joy of the two Lovers ; the celebration of their Nuptials, and Coronation.*



Now if my compasse, and my card be true, I shall ere long, put in at the wished Port.

You have heard before, of the strange entertainment that *Amandus* and *Pallante*, found in the *Flowry Island*,

and that *Agenor* (the Lord of that Country) courteously conducted them to his Castle; which was situated on an high promontory, surrounded with all sorts of Trees, set in seemly ranks, in the midst whereof, ranne a demi-River, watering those pleasant plants. The Castle was framed all of *Median* stone, of Ovall forme, yet so vast of extent, that it seemed a petty City; it was surrounded with a Wall of Marble, on which at equall distance, and of just proportion, were an hundred Towers: before the Castle lay a Pond (invironed with a living Wall of Eglantine, fed by a Christaline Spring) repleat with all sorts of Fish; in it (most lively carv'd in stone, by the skill of some cunning *Dedalus*) sat the Rector of the Seas (according to the Poets) earth shaking *Neptune*, on a Sea Horse, his Trident in his hand, all his *Tritons* (bestriding severall Fishes) about him, who (by wondrous Art) sounded their silver Trumpets, as they had been living substances, to their great admiration.

Being

Being entred the Castle, they found it exceeding glorious; the wals were hung round with cloth of gold, in which were represented many famous ancient Stories, the destruction of *Troy*; the renowned entercourse of the Loves of *Hero*, and *Leander*; to the exceeding delight of all that beheld them; they were brought by *Agenor*, into a large Hall, paved with Aggars, and most richly garnished, where intreating them to sit downe, he began to say as followeth.

I assure my self (my noble guests) that you much admire the reason that occasioned my proposall of the Riddle, as also, (that in so happy an Island as this) what is the cause, your eyes have hitherto not visited one Female; the *Origen* of both these, I shall declare to you, briefly, and truly.

About an hundred yeares since, there ruled as Governour over this Island, a Lord of great Fame (my Fathers Father) named *Sinoris*, who had to wife, a Lady nobly descended, of great Beauty, and passing Wit, named *Eugenia*.

Now

Now it happened, that Sinoris became exceedingly intimate with a Lord (of a neighbouring Isle) called Alsatia, [himself nominated Ariaspes] they mutually feasted each other, nothing of note being acted in either Isle, without the joynt assent one of another, their Friendship being knit so strongly, that it seemed impossible for the hand of Fate to dissolve it.

Long time they maintained this Amity, till it happened, that Ariaspes became greatly enamoured on Eugenia, who, at first seemed to abhor his lewd desires, but at length was wonne to let him enjoy that, which she had sworn to preserve only to the use of Sinoris; yet carried they the matter a long time so clandestinely, that Argus could not have discovered their private compliance.

Now it happened, that a Lady of this Island, of excellent Feature (a great Enchantresse) was no lesse taken with Sinoris, then Ariaspes with Eugenia, and by Letters, and otherwise, manifested the same; but Sinoris so entirely loved his Wife, (whom he esteemed superlatively vertuous) that he could not be wonne to hearken to her  
allure-



allurements. Cassandra, (for so was the Enchantresse called) perceiving her endeavours were fruitless, on a time appearing to Sinoris (sitting alone in study) told him, that he neglected her love, to doat upon one that was false as a falling Star, or glow-worms fire, who secretly (yet frequently) corrupted him, by the help of Ariaspes, Lord of Alsatia.

You may imagine how exceedingly Sinoris was amazed to hear this, neither did he give credit to her words, yet with much intreaty, was wonne to make triall thereof: Cassandra (by the power of her Spels) having transformed him at all points like Ariaspes, he was easily admitted to ride in his own Saddle, which he had no sooner attempted to doe, but Cassandra restored him to his own shape.

What tongue, or pen, can expresse how exceedingly Eugenia was astonished at this accident: She would have fled away from the presence of her incensed husband, but he laying hold on her, shut her up in prison for some dayes, and then (with the assent of all about him) caused her to be torn

in

in pieces by wild horses; the rage he conceived for her abuse, being so great, that he immediately banished all women out of the Island, ordaining for the future, that none of that Sex should inhabite here; he also devised the Riddle that you lately resolved, commanding, that none save those who could give the meaning thereof, should have entertainment in this Castle, but to be lodged else where in the Island.

*Amandus*, and *Pallante*, could not chuse but smile, to heare of this strange Law, and that the execution thereof should be so strictly observed: But (quoth *Amandus*) how then is this Island replenished with Inhabitants, (women being excommunicated from among you?) Our women (like us) said he, have an Island of their own (surrounded by the Sea) whom once every yeare we accompany, and if men-children be brought forth, we receive them; but if females, they abide with their mothers.

But (quoth *Amandus*) were it not better that this absurd Law were abrogated.

No (quoth *Agenor*) that we dare not do;

doe; for our fore-fathers being sworn to it by the vertue of the same oath, (we believe) all their posterity are engaged, and obliged successively.

*And besides (quoth he) we have experimentally found, that Heaven is exceedingly pleased with the observation of this Law; for before this was decreed by Sinoris, this Island was but indifferently fertile, but now it exceedeth all the Islands in the World, for fatnesse, and richnesse of soile.*

Fie (quoth *Amandus*) that you should be so grossly superstitious, to imagine, that the absence of women, occasioneth you blisse, by the immortall power, I admire, that your fruits are not blasted; and your Land curst to a barrennesse, that is destitute of such celestially creatures, as women are.

While they were thus discoursing, the Tables were furnished with all manner of curious, and luscious wines, and choyselt cates; which while they were feasting with, behold *Agenors* Kinsman, a young man, of rare beauty, and gallant deportment, was newly arrived from *Spain*, (his Ship laden with very rich commodities,

ties) whom *Agenor*, bringing in by the hand, presented to *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, who saluting him (as *Agenors* Kinsman) and understanding he came from *Spaine*, besought him to afford them his presence a while, and to relate what Intelligence he had received in those parts; who presently told them, that while he resided in that Kingdome, Embassadors arrived there from *Lombardy*, (Emissaries being dispatched for the same purpose into all parts of the world).

*To make enquiry for one Lord Amandus, sometime Generall to Clodomer, King of that Countrey (who was dead) for that they resolved, to make the said Amandus, their King; which they were the rather induced to doe, for that the Girpids had rebelled, and were now upon the borders of that Kingdom.*

This Newes made *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, look one upon another, like men dropt from the Clouds. Dear Sir (quoth *Amandus* to *Agenor*) I am that *Amandus*, so greatly sought after, now if my *Sophronia* be but safe, I am every way happy, *Agenor* (starting to heare this) and are you

you that *Amandus* (quoth he) whose names  
Fame so delighteth to celebrate ; give me  
your pardon (Sir) that I have yielded  
you no greater respect, and let my igno-  
rance plead my excuse.

Oh (quoth *Amandus*) you excell in all  
noblenesse : what think'st thou, (quoth *A-*  
*mandus* to *Pallante*) may not Fortune yet  
make us amends, for all her unkindnesse.

I doubt it not (quoth *Pallante*) I be-  
seech you (Sir) make all the hast you can  
into your native Countrey, you know  
not (despairing to finde you) but they  
may otherwise determine then you have  
heard.

But how (quoth *Amandus*) may wee  
find Transportation ? Take no care for  
that (quoth *Agenor*) I will furnish you  
with a winged Vessel, able Mariners, and  
all things requisite for your voyage.

You heap favours upon me (quoth  
*Amandus*) which if I faile to retribute, my  
strength, and sense, forsake me at once ;  
but dear friend, let all things be in readi-  
nesse by to morrow morning.

They shall (quoth *Agenor*) and having

so said, (after he had accompanied them some few minutes) he departed to prepare all things in readinesse for their journey, which he punctnally performed, appointing them a strong, but nimble Vessel, and Sea-men, lusty of body, and well skilled in marine Affaires.

*Amandus* and *Pallante*, were lodged that night in a rich chamber, but took little rest, their thoughts were so busied, in devising how to manage affaires for the future; rising early in the morning, *Agenor* had prepared a stately Banquet for them, (himself honouring *Amandus*, as if he had been the greatest Prince in the World) after which, he (with a chosen Traine) brought them on Ship-board, where they again, were richly feasted; and then with teares in his eyes (so great was *Agenors* love to *Amandus*, who could hardly forbear, as also *Pallante*, to afford him the like womanish Responſion) he committed them to the mercy of the Winds, and Seas, returning to his Castle.

So calme were the Waves, and so favourable the Winds, (as if, with the *Dulichian*

*lichian* Guide, *Amandus* had them in a bag) that within three dayes, they had sight of their native Countrey: *Amandus*, all the way (as indeed he had reason) highly extolled the Noble disposition of *Agenor*.

*Doth Fame Record* (quoth he to *Pallante*) greater Hospitality ever extended hitherto, by any stranger, to unknown Guests, then *Agenor* hath manifested to us?

*I should blaspheme truth* (quoth *Pallante*) should I not confesse it, and strenuously endeavour (at least in some part) to compensate it.

The Winds, and Seas proving so favourable, that they arrived (without least preturbance) at the Famous City *Verona*, putting in at the Harbour called *Neptunes Cave*. No sooner was their approach bruited abroad, but the Inhabitants of the City ran unanimously to meet him, saluting him their Lord and King, the Peers and Nobles of that Kingdome resorting to him with great Joy, of their owne accords, swore fealty and homage unto him, conducting him (and *Pallante*) in

E. K. great

great Pomp and State, to the Palace of the late King *Clodomer*.

But *Amandus* (though exalted from the dunghill of Affliction, to a Throne of happineſſe) found no content within; nor could he have conceived any comfort, had he been made the Sole Monarch of the World, without the ſociety of his deare *Sophronia*; whom enquiring for, answer was made, that (in the defence of her chaſtity) having ſlain King *Clodomer*, ſhe had ever ſince abſconded her ſelf, none knew where; which cauſed *Amandus* to ſend Inquiſitors all about the Kingdome, to make ſtrict ſearch for her, but all their labour proved to no purpoſe, to *Amandus* exceeding diſcontent.

*Sophronia* perceiving by the diſcourſe of *Crates*, and *Phillida*, that *Amandus* was returned, and received as King, and had ſent Meſſengers into all parts of the Kingdom to make diſcovery of her, was ſo overcome with joy, that ſhe ſwounded away, and became dead, but was ſoon recovered by *Crates*, and his wife, who laying her upon an heap of wool, ſo chafed her temples



ples, plying her with warm words, that they quickly restored her to her wonted strength; which she was no longer Mistress of, but she besought the Shepherd Crates, to afford her his company to the City, to the which he willingly assented: *Sophronia* having deserted her gowne of grey, and put on her own apparell, made *Crates* her Guide to *Verona*.

Arrived there, she directed her way towards the Palace; some of the Courtiers knowing her, strove, which first should be the Messenger of such happy newes; but *Amandus* hardly credited their words: But *sophronia* being brought unto him, (who was sitting very pensive under a Canopy of State) he no sooner had sight of her, but leaping from his chaire, (letting fall his mantle for haste) he ran unto her, and embraced her in his armes, neither of them able to speak a long time for weeping) for, as the greatest grief, so no doubt the greatest joy, hath the least utterance; breathing their soules into each other, and enjoying such mutuall happiness, that none, save those that have pro-

ved the li<sup>l</sup> passions, are able to expresse,  
they ag<sup>o</sup> to consummate their long di-  
sturbed <sup>sp</sup>rials, the morrow.

Wh<sup>i</sup> as accordingly performed, in  
great Pomp, and State, besitting the dig-  
nity of a King and Queen. And here,  
out of the affection I beare to their memo-  
ries, I cannot but afford them this Nup-  
tiall Song.

## EPITHALAMIUM

**H**eavenly faire Urania's Son,  
Thou that dwel'st on Hellicon;  
Hymen, o thy brows empale  
To the Bride, the Bridegroome  
Take thy Saffron Robe, and  
With sweet flowred Marjorum  
Yellow socks of woollen weare,  
With a smiling look appeare:  
Shrill Epithalamiums sing,  
Let this day with pleasure spring:  
Nimbly dance the flaming \* Tree,  
Only dedicate to thee. (\* the Ph  
Take in that fair hand of thine,  
Let good Auguries combine,

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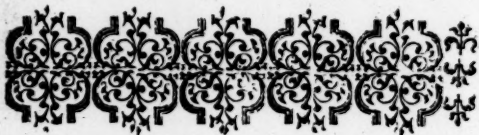
**L** Et the Reader be pleased to Censure mildly of the Printer, by whose oversight, are these *Erratas*.

*Pag. 2. for Permitias read Premitias.*

*Pag. 9. for Lunary read Luminary.*

*Pag. 25. for Uronea read Pronea.*

*Pag. 73. for desert read Dissect. for Rapide r.  
Rabbide.*



*Ja. Maister* 12  
The Loves  
O F  
A M A N D U S  
A N D  
S O P H R O N I A,

Historically Narrated.

*A Piece of rare Contexure,*  
Inriched with many pleasing *Odes*  
and *Sonnets*, occasioned by the Jo-  
cular, or Tragicall occurrences, hap-  
ning in the progreſſe of the  
H I S T O R I E.

---

*Disposed into three Books, or Tracts*  
*By Samuel Sheppard.* *K.*

---

Horace,

*Quod ſi meliora novijſi,  
Candidus Imparij, ſi non, his utere mecum.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by G. D. for *John Hardeſſie*, to be  
ſold at the *Black Spred-Eagle* in *Ducklane*, 1650.

(1)

THE LOVES OF  
AMANDVS  
AND  
SOPHRONIA.

---

*The First Book.*

---

CHAP. I.

*Embassadours (from divers parts of Europe) arrive at Verona, the occasion thereof. Rhoxenor courts Sophronia. Her Reply. He resolves her Ruine.*



Recently there Reigned a very Potent King over the Kingdom of *Lombardie*, named *Clodomer*, who, by his Queen

Queen (*Lucinda*) had one only Son, called *Rhoxenor*, a Prince of Exquisite Feature, who, as he attained yeares, became Splendidly Eminent, for his Inclination to, and his unparralleld Industry in, the Study of the Sciences; to which, (that nothing might be wanting, to make him more then a meere mortal) his Deportment commanded an expectation of Majestick Magnanimitie, and Magnanimous Majestie, to the envy of neighbouring Kings, and to the ineffable joy of his Princely Parents.

Comming unto yeares of maturitie (so that now without prejudice to Truth he might write himselfe, *Man*) he seemed, some golden Casket repleat with Diamonds: the eyes of all men were fixed on him, as ordained by Heaven, for a Super-excellent Mirrour, whose very reflection should dim the Splendor of all Former, and Future Kings: Their expectations, labouring with an ardent desire, to see their young Prince fettered, in the pleasing Bands of Matrimony, the main *Remora* (in their apprehensions) being his  
high

high Descent, and innate Worth, which seated him on so proud a Pinacle, that nothing, save a continuance in his single Capacitie, could preserve his Splendor unsullied, and his Glory un-eclipsed, they could have been content, that their Phoenix should have made himselfe his owne Mate, and his owne Heire, save that they were sensible, another *Rhoxenor* would not spring out of his ashes.

But what Mortalitie had ever yet a durable existence of it selfe? What more vertuous Prince then *Nero*, the first five yeares? The Father of us all, retained his pristine purity for some houres in the Garden. The Effigie of *Byancha*, Daughter to the King of *Hungarie*: The Resemblance of *Leonora*, Heire appatant to the King of *Poland*; and the lively Portraicture of *Dulciana*, (whose living substance was courted by the most famous Princes of *Europe*) Daughter to the Emperour of *Almaine*, brought by severall Embassadours, sent from the aforesaid Kings, all using their utmost Oratory to winne *Rhoxenors* assent, in the behalfe of  
their



their severall Masters , bringing with them (as Advocates) many rich presents, were frustrated of their hopes, by his peremptory negation , to their exceeding grief and astonishment,

Now, if you demand the reason of this strange averfensesse in *Rhoxenor* , I shall tell you, that Lust , outrageous, injurious, destructive Lust, was the impediment that hindered his compliance , which had taken such sure hold on his heart , that it was impossible for the hand of Temperance to dislocate the Usurper , without pulling the panting lump from its strings; nor was *Rhoxenor* able (though he indefagitably endeavoured it) to conjure down this Fiend, that his owne indiscreet passions had raised , so that he was every way surrounded with inevitable dangers, *Scylla* on the right hand , and *Charibdis* on the left ; *Ætna* on the left hand, and *Avernus* on the right ; (with *Medea*) he saw, and knew the horreur of his Crime, and yet (thrust forward by unavoydable destiny) he could not but proceed in the perpetration thereof.

And

And that , though he knew this would occasion his owne losse of former Honour; his Royal Parents Rage and Grief; *Amandus* (once his *alter idem*, having been bred up with him from his Cradle, now upon his returne from castigating the *Girpides* , the Souldiers unanimously and cordially affecting him) his assured hate and vengeance , besides the ugliness of the Act , in wronging so noble a friend, together with the hazard of the Nobilities, Gentries, and Peoples revolt ; yet to enjoy (indeed force) *Sophronia* (already affianced to *Amandus*) he is content to lose all, and to make himselfe wretched, for the fruition of that (which if forced) is (intruth) the worst of miserie.

Long (during *Amandus* absence) hee conversed with the chaste *Sophronia* (whom the King for *Amandus* sake had appointed a residence neare his owne lodgings) rather like a Brother then a Lover. [So the Wolfe, and the Lamb , converie in amity, till maturitie divulge how differently Nature hath allotted them] Love, (if I may call it Love) by degrees (like  
sup-

supplanting Ivie) wound about his heart, till at last it mastered his Senses, overtopping and triumphing over all his Powers; so that [after many apparant signes of his inward Ardour, more then ever *Naso* prescribed in his *Art of Love*, which *Sophronia* did, but would not seeme to apprehend] he burst out into a plaine language, thus uttering his desires.

Madam,

**I** Have endeavoured (with a more then masculine resolve) to suppress those passions, and to extinguish those flames, which have a long time hover'd about my heart, but find it beyond my force, not to write, when Nature her-selfe dictates. (Lady) I love you, love you above Heaven, or Honour (both which [in all probabilities] I am like to forfeit for your sake) I am not ignorant of your affiancing to *Amandus*, but (deare Mistresse) consider my Birth with his Fortunes, and my Estate with his Wealth, and you cannot (sure) relinquish the gold, and desire the brasse; this heavenly beauty was not ordained for lesse then a Throne,  
and

and it were an injury to Divinity it selfe, to have these Temples adorned, with ought save a Diadem; it is in you (excellent Mistressse) to make Rhoxenor, more than man, or to uncreate him, (which alone your deniall can doe) and to precipitate him, from an Heaven of content and happinesse, to an Hell of distraction and misery.

You may imagine, how this unlook'd for narration, amazed poore Sophronia, (a Lady excellently vertuous) and whose heart was as immoveably fixed on *Amandus*, as ever the *Sestian Heros* on her adventurous *Leander*, or the unfortunate *Thysbes*, on her haplesse *Pyramus*, whose blood gave the first tincture to the Mulbery, her cheeks dyed in more perfect Purple, then Monarchs put on when they mourne, she returned him this answer:

Sir,

Your language (which I wish I had been deafe to) gives me cause to suspect, that some saucy Devil (to be thought an Angel of light) hath cheated Rhoxenor, of his form; for sure, Prince Rhoxenor (I mean King Clodomers Son) whom *Fame* canonizeth,  
for

for the store-house of Vertue, and the Mirror of mankinde, cannot be such a Traytor to his own fame, and his friends honour, or imagine Sophronia, so light of soule, as to prove false to her faith, to be the greatest Princeesse in the world.

Having thus said, (the vehemency of her expression, well denoting the perplexity of her mind) she flung from him, in a (sober) rage, and the Garden doore being open (for *Rhoxenor* the more opportunely to discover himselfe, had invited her into the privy Garden, adjoining to the Pallace) she forsook the Prince, and retired to her Chamber.

He, as much astonished at her sterne reply, as she greived, for his dangerous sollicitation, stood a while, like one Planet struck; you would have taken him (had your eyes visited him in that agony) for some shap'd Statue, carved by some cunning *Dedalus*: but at length, his lost senses (like trewant Servants) returning to their obliged exercises, smiting his hand on his breast (quoth he) I perceive, I may sooner catch a falling Star, or make  
a bone-

*Amandus and Sophronia.*

2

a bonfire in the Seas bottome, then win  
the favour of this icie peice; and there-  
fore (for the future) I shall (with *Æsops*  
*Fox*) despise the fruition of that, which  
I am affecting, I cannot attain; yet shall she  
know, that Princes must of necessity, ei-  
ther love affectionately, or hate deadly;  
and since my selfe must not enjoy her, I  
will so contrive, that *Amandus* shall not:  
having uttered this, in a great rage, he left  
the Garden, and departed towards the  
Pallace, in so moody a manner, that none  
of his Attendance, durst speake to him;  
and to those Lords that saluted him, he  
returned no answer, to the exceeding a-  
mazement of the Court, who wonder at  
(but cannot guesse) the cause of his change  
of cheare, the people whispering vari-  
ously, but nothing truly, according to the  
wildnesse of their fancies.

Thus he, who not many months since,  
seemed to rivall that Prince of Planets,  
the Sunne, for translucency, and clearnesse,  
will now scarce serve for a Luminary in *Ar-*  
*himedes* Spheare, So great is the folly, that  
commeth of Wisdome, and so dreadfull is the  
wickednesse,

B

to . . . The Loves of  
wickednesse, that ariseth out of the ashes of  
dead vertue.

## CHAP. II

Rhoxenor exceedingly perplexed, Cheribrett discovers the cause of his dolour  
his wicked counsell, he undertakes the busi-  
nesse about Sophronia.



O great was Rhoxenors anguish  
conceived, for the late repulse  
offered him by Sophronia, a  
gravated by his innate affu-  
rance, that his hopes were for ever buried  
in the Lath of her chaste Love to Amantio  
that he scarce refrained to offer vio-  
lence to his own Person; and though  
Cheribrett his creature (though his Father  
Counsellour) and to whom he had hitherto  
to unbowelled himselfe upon all occa-  
sions, was importunately solicitous, to get  
from him the least part of that which oc-  
casioned his sorrow; yet it seemed  
had exchanged tongues with some Fish-  
n

no answer was returned to any of his demands: so that it was all one, as if he had entered into dialogue with a Statue, or expected a responſion, from the painted mouth of a Picture on the wall, to the great grieve of *Clodimer*, and *Lucinda*, who mourned for their Sonne, as he were now to be inhumed, or were already sleeping in a ſheet of Lead.

In this dolourous diſtracted condition, he abode the ſpace of eight dayes, eating little, and ſleeping leſſe, till one day (as he was toſſing himſelfe on his Couch) *Cheribrert*, unawares entring in, and ſtanding a while at the door, to liſten if he could hear the Prince pronounce the leaſt particle, that might give him an hint of that which afflicted him, he heard him uſe theſe words to himſelfe;

*Ah Sophronia, thus thy unkindneſſe, will procure the certaine ruine of thy ſelfe, and me, and endanger the deſtroying of a flouriſhing Kingdome.*

*Cheribrert*, glad of this Intelligence, as if he had heard nothing, enters in, after his wonted manner, and (as his uſuall cuſtome



was) besought him, now at last to discover his greife ; for ( quoth he ) be confident (Sir) of cure, if it be in the power of Heaven, Earth, or Hell to afford it : But finding him still wedded to his wonted taciturnity ; (quoth he ) my Lord, you are conscious (I am sure) of the knowledge I am famous for in Astrology ; and having calculated your Nativity, and otherwise used my Art to the utmost , I finde that you are in Love ; *Rhoxenor*, starting from his Couch, at that word, stood upon his feet, (quoth he) but though (perhaps) by thy Art, thou hast found out the cause, it is not in the power of gods, or men to prescribe the cure : My Lord ( quoth *Cheribvert* ) (having ever borne a deadly hate to *Amandus*.)

Trees, that will not bend, are as easily broken ; tis at your discretion , though you cannot take in the Towne by Siege to shake it to dust, with your battery ; by all that's sacred, and the bright Genius of this place , I vow to sacrifice soule and body to purchase your content , though your commands extended to the killing of my Father. ( Quoth

Amandus and Sophronia.

13

Quoth *Rhoxenor*) and therewith fetch-  
ed a deep sigh, grating his teeth) Take  
then the dreadful lecret into thy bosome, I  
love *Sophronia* (*Amandu's* betrothed wife)  
but her Person I must never expect to en-  
joy, which though I am content to be-  
leeve; yet such is the rigour of my tem-  
per, that the damned endure not more  
unexpressable torments in hell, then I,  
when I but entertain a thought, that *A-*  
*mandus*, or any else, shall have the fruition  
of that Paradiſe, from entring into which,  
a Cherubin (with a flaming Sword) is my  
*Remora*; I would fain work the coy *So-*  
*phronia*, some deep disgrace, and so con-  
trive, that *Amandus* may be made incapa-  
ble of her imbraces.

To this *Cheribrert* (laughing aloud) an-  
swer'd; And hath this sleight businesse  
(my Lord) occasioned all this adoe, to  
the dishonour of your selfe, the griefe of  
*Clodomer*, and *Lucinda*, and the generall  
discourſe, and deſtruction of the whole  
Realme: by the Soule of the world (my  
Lord) you have most indiscreetly fool'd  
your selfe.

Why (quoth *Rhoxenor*) dost thou make so slight of it?

Yes, (quoth *Cheribrert*) for is it not in you, to dispose of *Sophronia*, and *Amandus*, as you shall thinke fit? are they not your Subjects, and Servants, are not (or ought not) their lives and estates, to be at your appointment, as other your Fathers Subjects, whose Heire aparent you are? Depute me (my Lord) for the managing of this businesse, and if I act not like another *Mercury*, wittily, yet like another *Saturne*, malevolently, decapitate me, and fix this head on the cheife Gate of the City.

I ever (quoth *Rhoxenor*) have found thee cordially fidelious, doe but doe as thou hast indented; and expect what wealth, or honour thou canst covet, while *Clodomer* lives, and when his death, puts the Diadem upon my head, to be my only favourite.

I (quoth *Cheribrert*) shall esteem the fulfilling of your commands, rewards sufficient. I joy that Fate hath found out a way for me, to expresse the loyall duty

owe to your Highnesse.

And so for that time they departed one from another, the Prince to the Court, and *Cheribrent* to his own mansion.

### CHAP. III.

*Cheribrent (by the aide of Flavia, Sophronias Woman) betrays Sophronia to the censure of the Law, the manner thereof.*

**W**onderfull it is to consider, how great an influence the interior parts of man, have on his exterior; *Rhoxenor* had almost ext himselfe to a *Skeleton*, but now [re-ating on *Cheribrents* abillity, for the accomplishment of his wicked designs] his minde being calmed, his whole *Microsome* resumed its wonted vigour.

[So the vegetables of the earth, when the frosty hand of *Hyems* hath dispoyled them of their verdant garments, remaine for a time) as it were, saplesse; but when *Hyperion* brings on the spring, they are again

Now it happened, that Sinoris became exceedingly intimate with a Lord (of a neighbouring Isle) called Alsatia, [himself nominated Ariaspes] they mutually feasted each other, nothing of note being acted in either Isle, without the joynt assent one of another, their Friendship being knit so strongly, that it seemed impossible for the hand of Fate to dissolve it.

Long time they maintained this Amity, till it happened, that Ariaspes became greatly enamoured on Eugenia, who, at first seemed to abhor his lewd desires, but at length was wonne to let him enjoy that, which she had sworn to preserve only to the use of Sinoris; yet carried they the matter a long time so clandestinely, that Argus could not have discovered their private compliance.

Now it happened, that a Lady of this Island, of excellent Feature (a great Enchantresse) was no lesse taken with Sinoris, then Ariaspes with Eugenia, and by Letters, and otherwise, manifested the same; but Sinoris so entirely loved his Wife, (whom he esteemed superlatively vertuous) that he could not be wonne to hearken to her  
allure-

allurements. Cassandra, (for so was the Enchantresse called) perceiving her endeavours were fruitless, on a time appearing to Sinoris (sitting alone in study) told him, that he neglected her love, to doat upon one that was false as a falling Star, or glow-worms fire, who secretly (yet frequently) cornuted him, by the help of Ariaspes, Lord of Alsatia.

You may imagine how exceedingly Sinoris was amazed to hear this, neither did he give credit to her words, yet with much intreaty, was wonne to make triall thereof: Cassandra (by the power of her Spels) having transformed him at all points like Ariaspes, he was easily admitted to ride in his own Saddle, which he had no sooner attempted to doe, but Cassandra restored him to his own shape.

What tongue, or pen, can expresse how exceedingly Eugenia was astonished at this accident: She would have fled away from the presence of her incensed husband, but he laying hold on her, shut her up in prison for some dayes, and then (with the assent of all about him) caused her to be torn

in

in pieces by wild horses; the rage he conceived for her abuse, being so great, that he immediately banished all women out of the Island, ordaining for the future, that none of that Sex should inhabite here; he also devised the Riddle that you lately resolved, commanding, that none save those who could give the meaning thereof, should have entertainment in this Castle, but to be lodged else where in the Island.

*Amandus*, and *Pallante*, could not chuse but smile, to heare of this strange Law, and that the execution thereof should be so strictly observed: But (quoth *Amandus*) how then is this Island replenished with Inhabitants, (women being excommunicated from among you?) Our women (like us) said he, have an Island of their own (surrounded by the Sea) whom once every yeare we accompany, and if men-children be brought forth, we receive them; but if females, they abide with their mothers.

But (quoth *Amandus*) were it not better that this absurd Law were abrogated.

No (quoth *Agenor*) that we dare not do;

doe ; for our fore-fathers being sworn to it by the vertue of the same oath, (we believe) all their posterity are engaged, and obliged successively.

*And besides (quoth he) we have experimentally found, that Heaven is exceedingly pleased with the observation of this Law; for before this was decreed by Sinoris, this Island was but indifferently fertile, but now it exceedeth all the Islands in the World, for fatnesse, and richnesse of soile.*

Fie (quoth *Amandus*) that you should be so grossly superstitious, to imagine, that the absence of women, occasioneth you blisse; by the immortall power, I admire, that your fruits are not blasted, and your Land curst to a barrennesse, that is destitute of such celestiall creatures, as women are.

While they were thus discoursing, the Tables were furnished with all manner of curious, and luscious wines, and choyssest cares ; which while they were feasting with, behold *Agénors* Kinman, a young man, of rare beauty, and gallant deportment, was newly arrived from *Spaine*, (his Ship laden with very rich commodities,



ties) whom *Agenor*, bringing in by the hand, presented to *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, who saluting him (as *Agenors* Kinsman) and understanding he came from *Spaine*, besought him to afford them his presence a while, and to relate what Intelligence he had received in those parts; who presently told them, that while he resided in that Kingdome, Embassadors arrived there from *Lombardy*, (Emissaries being dispatched for the same purpose into all parts of the world)

*To make enquiry for one Lord Amandus, sometime Generall to Clodomer, King of that Countrey (who was dead) for that they resolved, to make the said Amandus, their King; which they were the rather induced to doe, for that the Girpids had rebelled, and were now upon the borders of that Kingdom.*

This Newes made *Amandus*, and *Pallante*, look one upon another, like men dropt from the Clouds. Dear Sir (quoth *Amandus* to *Agenor*) I am that *Amandus*, so greatly sought after, now if my *Sophronia* be but safe, I am every way happy.

*Agenor* (starting to heare this) and are  
you

you that *Amandus* (quoth he) whose name, Fame so delighteth to celebrate; give me your pardon (Sir) that I have yielded you no greater respect, and let my ignorance plead my excuse.

Oh (quoth *Amandus*) you excell in all noblenesse: what think'st thou, (quoth *Amandus* to *Pallante*) may not Fortune yet make us amends, for all her unkindnesse.

I doubt it not (quoth *Pallante*) I beseech you (Sir) make all the hast you can into your native Countrey, you know not (despairing to finde you) but they may otherwise determine then you have heard.

But how (quoth *Amandus*) may wee find Transportation? Take no care for that (quoth *Agenor*) I will furnish you with a winged Vessel, able Mariners, and all things requisite for your voyage.

You heap favours upon me (quoth *Amandus*) which if I faile to retribute, my strength, and sense, forsake me at once; but dear friend, let all things be in readinesse by to morrow morning.

They shall (quoth *Agenor*) and having  
so

so said, (after he had accompanied them some few minutes) he departed to prepare all things in readinesse for their journey, which he punctually performed, appointing them a strong, but nimble Vessel, and Sea-men, lusty of body, and well skilled in marine Affaires.

*Amandus* and *Pallante*, were lodged that night in a rich chamber, but took little rest, their thoughts were so busied, in devising how to manage affaires for the future; rising early in the morning, *Agenor* had prepared a stately Banquet for them, (himself honouring *Amandus*, as if he had been the greatest Prince in the World) after which, he (with a chosen Traine) brought them on Ship-board, where they again, were richly feasted; and then with teares in his eyes (so great was *Agenors* love to *Amandus*, who could hardly forbear, as also *Pallante*, to afford him the like womanish Responcion) he committed them to the mercy of the Winds, and Seas, returning to his Castle.

So calme were the Waves, and so favourable the Winds, (as if, with the *Dulichian*

*Ichian Guide*, Amandus had them in bag) that within three dayes, they had sight of their native Countrey: Amandus, all the way (as indeed he had reason) highly extolled the Noble disposition of Agenor.

*Doth Fame Record* (quoth he to Pallante) greater Hospitality ever extended hitherto, by any stranger, to unknown Guests, then Agenor hath manifested to us?

*I should blaspheme truth* (quoth Pallante) *Should I not confesse it, and strenuously endeavour* (at least in some part) *to compensate it.*

The Winds, and Seas proving so favourable, that they arrived (without least preturbance) at the Famous City *Verona*, putting in at the Harbour called *Neptunes Cave*. No sooner was their approach bruited abroad, but the Inhabitants of the City ran unanimously to meet him, saluting him their Lord and King, the Peers and Nobles of that Kingdom resorting to him with great Joy, of their owne accords, swore fealty and homage unto him, conducting him (and Pallante) in  
C great

great Pomp and State, to the Palace of the late King *Clodomer*.

But *Amandus* (though exalted from the dunghill of Affliction, to a Throne of happinesse) found no content within; nor could he have conceived any comfort, had he been made the Sole Monarch of the World, without the society of his deare *Sophronia*; whom enquiring for, answer was made, that (in the defence of her chastity) having slaine King *Clodomer*, she had ever since absconded her self, none knew where; which caused *Amandus* to send Inquisitors all about the Kingdome, to make strict search for her, but all their labour proved to no purpose, to *Amandus* exceeding discontent.

*Sophronia* perceiving by the discourse of *Crates*, and *Phillida*, that *Amandus* was returned, and received as King, and had sent Messengers into all parts of the Kingdom to make discovery of her, was so overcome with joy, that she swooned away, and became dead, but was soon recovered by *Crates*, and his wife, who laying her upon an heap of wool, so chafed her temples

ples, plying her with warm cloaths, that they quickly restored her to her wonted strength; which she was no sooner Mistressse of, but she besought the Shepherd *Crates*, to afford her his company to the City, to the which he willingly assented: *Sophronia* having deserted her gowne of grey, and put on her own apparell, made *Crates* her Guide to *Verona*.

Arrived there, she directed her way towards the Palace; some of the Courtiers knowing her, strove, which first should be the Messenger of such happy newes; but *Amandus* hardly credited their words: But *Sophronia* being brought unto him, (who was sitting very pensive under a Canopy of State) he no sooner had sight of her, but leaping from his chaire, (letting fall his mantle for hast) he ran unto her, and embraced her in his armes, (neither of them able to speak a long time for weeping) for, as the greatest grief, so no doubt the greatest joy, hath the least utterance; breathing their soules into each other, and enjoying such mutuall happinessse, that none, save those that have pro-

ved the like passions, are able to expresse,  
they agreed to consummate their long dis-  
turbed Nuptials, the morrow.

Which was accordingly performed, in  
great Pomp, and State, befitting the dig-  
nity of a King and Queen. And here,  
out of the affection I beare to their memo-  
ries, I cannot but afford them this Nup-  
tiall Song.

## EPITHALAMIUM

**H** *Heavenly faire Urania's Son,  
Thou that dwel'st on Hellicon;  
Hymen, o thy brows empale  
To the Bride, the Bridegroome hale,  
Take thy Saffron Robe, and come  
With sweet flowred Marjorum :  
Yellow socks of woollen weare,  
With a smiling look appeare :  
Shrill Epithalamiums sing,  
Let this day with pleasure spring :  
Nimbly dance the flaming \* Tree,  
Only dedicate to thee. (\* the Pine  
Take in that fair hand of thine,  
Let good Auguries combine,*

*For*

*For the paire that now are Wed,  
Let their joyes be nourished,  
Lik a Myrtle, ever green,  
Owned by the Cyprian Queen,  
Who fosters it with Rosie dew,  
Where her Nymphs their Sports pursue.  
Leave th' Aonian Cave behind,  
(Come, o come with willing mind)  
And the Thespian Rocks, whence drill  
Aganippe watens still.  
Chastest Virgins, you that are  
Either for to make, or marre,  
Make the Ayre with Hymen ring,  
Hymen, Hymenæus sing.*

*Amandus and Sophronia, being thus incorporated by holy Church, to the Generall Joy of the whole Realme, all Hymns mixing in one concord. Shortly after, they were in Solemn manner, Crowned King and Queen of Lombardy, Reigning long, and happily.*